

SENATOR STYLES BRIDGES
AND HIS FAR-FLUNG CONSTITUENTS

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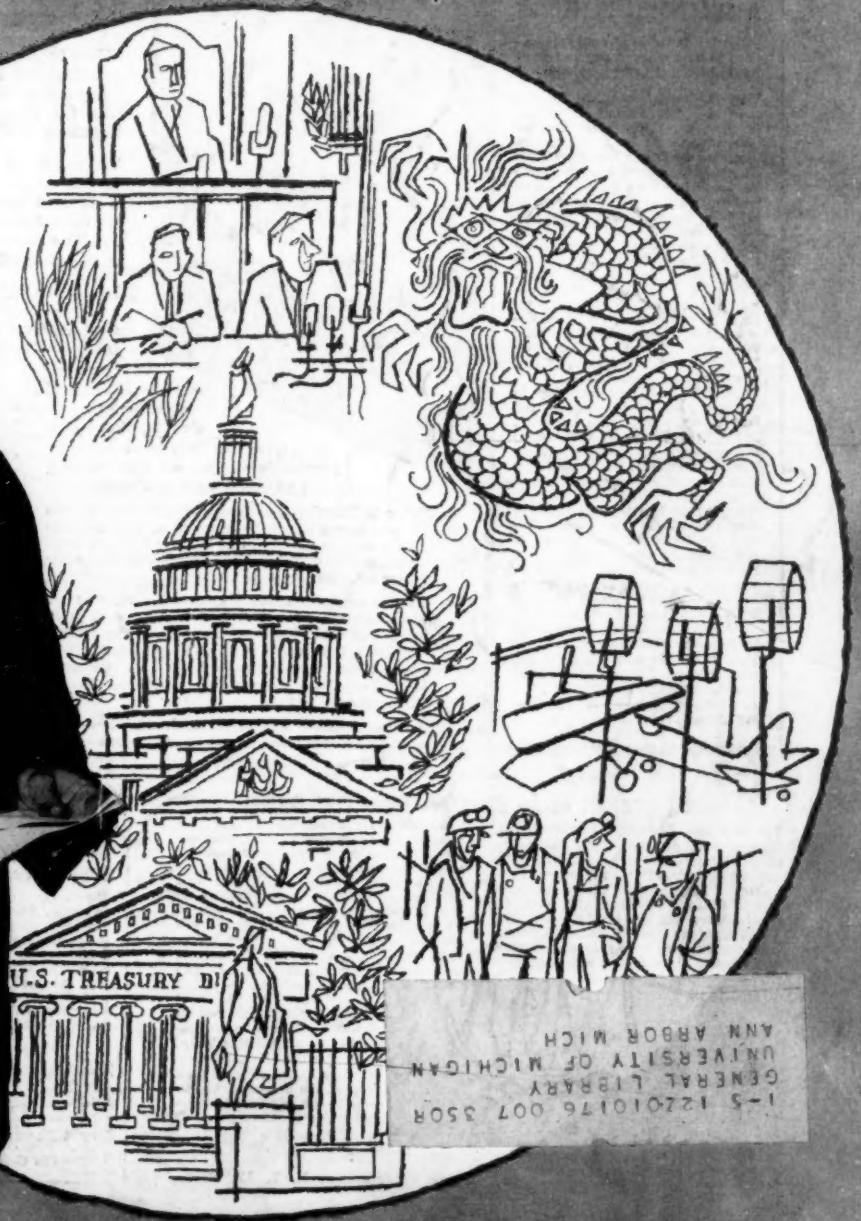
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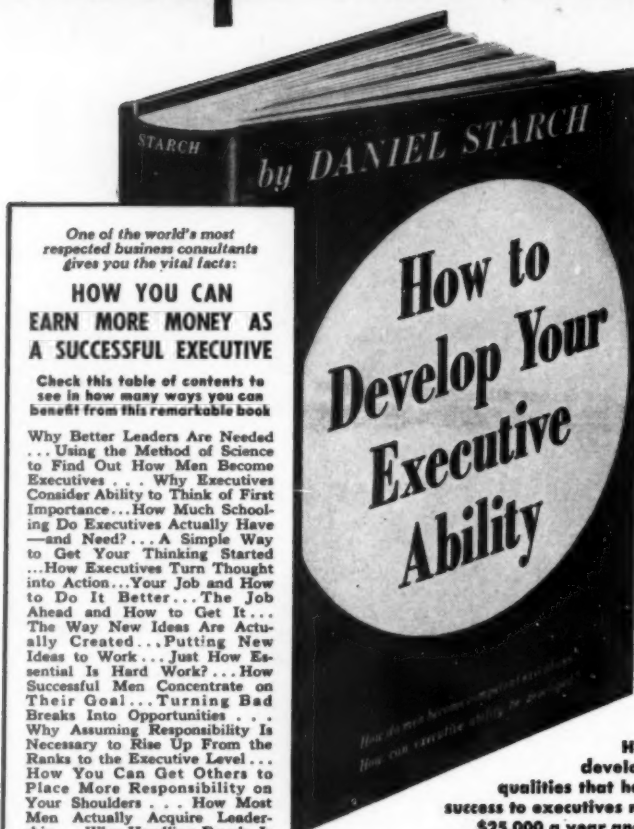
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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

The Apprentice Revolutionists

Maybe we are in a somewhat cynical mood, but in this whole Guatemalan mess we cannot make up our mind which is worse—the blunder or the crime.

IF WE MAY trust a long story in *Time* magazine, "The Turning Point" came last December 18. Ambassador Peurifoy spent a "sociable evening" with President and Mrs. Arbenz. The next day, Peurifoy sent a report to the State Department stating that Arbenz for all practical purposes could be considered a Communist. The highest authorities in Washington were impressed. "Hand-wringing stopped and action started."

"Action" led to the meeting of the U.N. Security Council on Sunday, June 20, where Ambassador Lodge presented the Soviet government with the best possible precedents for Communism to use in future aggressions. A "cease-fire" was ordered that was not meant to be taken too seriously—among other reasons, because there wasn't much fire to be ceased. U.N. members were given to understand that there is nothing particularly wrong if, within their borders, an aggression is mounted against another member. Again, there wasn't very much of an aggression: only the principle was involved—a principle of which the Communists can make good use. Ambassador Lodge is obviously a man of principle, aside from being the spitting image of The Man of Distinction.

Ambassador Lodge said something truly memorable when, in order to talk down Guatemala's request for a meeting of the Security Council, he stated: "But the Government of

Guatemala should not lend itself to this very obvious Communist plot lest they appear to be a cat's paw of the Soviet conspiracy to meddle in the Western Hemisphere. In fact, as it is, many persons will wonder whether the whole imbroglio in Guatemala was not cooked up precisely for the purpose of making Communist propaganda here in the United Nations."

Is there any doubt that the Guatemalan government is and wishes to be a cat's paw of the Soviet conspiracy? And is there any doubt that whoever cooked up the Guatemalan

imbroglio might just as well have done so to serve Communist propaganda in the United Nations?

For several years, our propaganda has hammered away that "indirect aggression" is the peculiar menace associated with Communism. Now we seem to be bent on demonstrating that non-Communists also can play at that game. Have we deliberately decided to give up the moral and propaganda advantage that Soviet Russia provided us with when it started the Korean War?

THIS Guatemalan affair can do us some good if it makes us realize that Communist tactics are not our dish. It is all very well to be cynical and say—as it has been said in many newspapers and also on the floor of Congress—that Washington can rig rebellions and invasions as well as Moscow. But it is even more important to be realistic and know what Washington can actually do.

Popular revolutions in countries where the peasants are land-hungry have a logic of their own. You cannot set up a revolutionary movement that is completely void of political and social content except for anti-Communism. You cannot tell peasants who have been deluded into thinking they are beneficiaries of land reform that they will be saved by the very people from whom the land was taken. You cannot sell Guatemalan peasants—or even schoolteachers, for that matter—on the magnificent achievements of American capitalism. It has no meaning to them in terms of their own lives and conditions. Our standard of living is a wall that divides us from them, not a common bond. All this the Moscow professionals know and work on.

Our revolutionary amateurs think in military terms, not in political

WHIFFENPOOF SONG (NEW LOOK)

TOP U.S. OFFICIALS DISCUSS SECURITY

"The conference had the studied informality of a sales executives' meeting."

"Mr. Wilson, who brought the idea with him from the presidency of General Motors Corporation, described it as an 'executive group meeting.'"

"The participants, no matter how well known, wore identification tags on their lapels bearing their nicknames."—New York Times, June 18, 1954.

Four little Chiefs of Staff are we
Off on a sales executive spree,
Bound from here to security—
Sh! Sh! Sh!

We're Mick and Raddy and
Matt and Nate,
The situation is desperate,
Golf at five? Make it a date—
Fore! Fore! Fore!

How nice to be able to disagree
On selling the best security
With studied informality!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

—SEC

and human ones. They cannot make a revolution against *that kind of revolutionists*. But there is another type of revolution which, if brought into Central America with enough means and skill and understanding, can stop Communism in every one of the Central American states, including, ultimately, Guatemala. That revolution is called democracy—and if we, given our own history, do not know how to foster it, what do we know?

COME to think of it, no matter who wins in Guatemala, this whole affair has done us a lot of good. For it has proven that no matter how hard we try, we cannot give up our national ancestry and act as if the legitimacy of our birth were questionable.

Getting Even with George III

Hardly anybody would say the United States government shouldn't look for undesirable characters in Washington or Fort Monmouth. But would you be surprised to learn that one of your public servants helps screen Americans selected to teach history at Oxford University in England?

Here is the story. Oxford has a chair of American History, endowed by Lord Rothermere after the First World War, to which, each year, a distinguished American historian is invited. The Board of Electors that picks the historian is headed by Lord Halifax, Oxford's Chancellor, and includes the U.S. Ambassador—a curious arrangement in an independent university, but there it is.

The trouble started when, during the Truman Administration, Oxford asked for Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., a Harvard professor and author of *The Age of Jackson*—a Pulitzer Prize history—aside from being a leader of Americans for Democratic Action. (Schlesinger had been offered the chair before, while Lewis Douglas was Ambassador, but had been unable to accept because of prior commitments at Harvard.) Ambassador Walter S. Gifford, a Republican appointed to London by President Truman, said that Schlesinger was not acceptable to him.

Then a year ago Oxford asked for him again. This time America was

represented by President Eisenhower's appointee, Ambassador Winthrop Aldrich. We are informed that Mr. Aldrich exploded at the suggestion and even refused to sign the minutes of the meeting unless Schlesinger's name was deleted. Another American historian acceptable to Mr. Aldrich was appointed.

This year the Ambassador took the lead, proposing an eighteenth-century specialist. The university said it didn't want an eighteenth-century man, and suggested Merle Curti, who won a Pulitzer Prize for his *The Growth of American Thought* and is now president of the American Historical Association. Curti? said the Ambassador. We've had bad reports on him. He's a pacifist. . . . So Oxford retreated again, and a less controversial historian was named.

There is indignation now at Oxford. American history is a subject that has grown fast in popularity there, and no university likes to have appointments to its faculty vetoed on political grounds—especially by foreigners.

Some Common Sense

They finally got around, in the hearings of the Reece Committee investigating tax-exempt foundations, to listening to what the foundations had to say. The Committee staff had charged that the big foundations and the universities had conspired to sell the American people on progress. What's wrong with the social scientists, said the Committee staff, is their use of empirical methods. "Principles and their truth and falsity seem to have concerned them very little."

Common sense came into the Committee room in the person of Pendleton Herring, president of the Social Science Research Council. His argument in defense of "empiricism" was certainly far superior to that of the Reece Committee's memorable report.

"To approach a problem empirically is to say: 'Let's have a look at the record.' . . ."

"Congressional investigating committees normally follow an empirical approach. To imply something immoral about using an empirical method of inquiry is like implying that it is evil to use syntax.

" . . . Mere fact-finding is obviously open to the charge of aimlessness. On the other hand, the scientific investigator does not work to establish predetermined conclusions. He may follow his hunches. He may go from one experiment to another. His intuitive or rational knowledge of his field helps direct his curiosity toward those avenues of inquiry that seem promising. He guards against wishful thinking. He will not let his hopes of what should be get in the way of his concern with what actually exists and what can be observed. From his background of work in his particular field, he follows leads concerning what may be most significant to investigate. . . ."

" . . . To cast doubt on the capacity of man to guide his destiny by applying thought to human problems, in secular terms at least, is to embrace either an obscurantist or anti-intellectual position, or to adhere to a determinist position. The current and most menacing school of thought that denies the fundamental premises of the social sciences is the Marxian philosophy of history. The obvious unreality of their dogma seems to have no effect upon the adherents of Communism, despite the fact that it has led to the triumph of statism and the worst tyranny of modern times. . . ."

" . . . Witnesses have asserted that overemphasis has been placed upon an empirical approach. This remains a matter of opinion and I know of no way in which such a charge can be definitively established one way or the other. . . . In my opinion and experience and observation, quite the reverse is true. . . . I observe a readiness to speculate, to guess, to hazard opinions, and to come to judgments on the basis of very inadequate evidence. . . . This tendency is found in all walks of life. It becomes a matter of high moment in policy decisions and in the formation of public opinion. . . ."

" . . . The main point is to emphasize the American habit of saying: 'Let's have a look at the record . . .'

"In this endeavor, the principles of truth, freedom, and justice serve as a guide. In these terms, I can ask no more of this Committee than an empirical approach to this inquiry into the activities of the foundations and related agencies."

CORRESPONDENCE

GIVE ME LIBERTY

To the Editor: Thank you for your persistence in prodding a lagging subscriber. I feel you are entitled to know why I lagged.

I shouldn't want to lose *The Reporter*, especially through carelessness, but my failure to renew my subscription has been more than this.

It seems that the McCarthy issue has thrust its ugly way even into the remote little hamlet of Chelmsford, which is better known for being near Concord, where not long ago men stood up to tyranny with one-ball rifles that often failed to fire.

Since that time, many things have changed in the "cradle of liberty." People seem to be extraordinarily eager to have it known they read "safe" newspapers, books, and editorials, and are more and more impatient with those neighbors who they feel do not look at things as they do.

Friends give you that frozen look when you observe how the opinion that one man alone is standing between a great nation and ruin seems incredible—if no: un-American.

My brother-in-law, after hurriedly glancing through *The Reporter*, observed slyly that there were "peculiar" or "questionable" points of view expressed there. I believe he reasoned that since *The Reporter* was critical of McCarthy, it was therefore manifest that *The Reporter* had embarked on treason!

Now it was my thought that I was no match for a legend that has made Senators, Presidents, and brother-in-laws tremble. I felt that if my reading of *The Reporter* made my brother-in-law unhappy, I was willing to give it up in the interest of harmony and peace.

But it occurred to me later that the best word to describe the states of harmony and peace is death. It occurred to me, too, that death often comes not all at once, as in an accident, but creeps up on us, a little at a time.

It may be that McCarthy is sincere, and is doing his best to do his duty as he sees it. If this is true, and if it is true that ends justify means, then whatever the intent the ends have proven even more odious than the means.

In the hope that *The Reporter*, which I consider to be honest and thoughtful, may continue to help illuminate this creeping death of thought, I am now respectfully asking you to continue me as a subscriber.

I'll be damned if they can tell me what to read.

I may yet be shot, but I refuse to be blindfolded!

CLYDE MARTIN
Chelmsford, Massachusetts

LIE DETECTORS

To the Editor: "The Lie-Detector Era" by Dwight Macdonald in your issues of June 8 and June 22 is another of those really outstanding articles which your magazine publishes with amazing frequency. Unless I

am hopelessly behind most of your other readers, I imagine that most of them were as surprised as I was to learn how extensive is the role of the polygraph in present-day American government, and its implications for the freedom of a great nation.

JOHN H. R. LEV
Toronto

To the Editor: Just as I finished the second installment of Dwight Macdonald's two-part article on lie detectors, I also read a Washington newspaper account of the 1954 convention of the American Federation of Astrologers. "One of the Federation's biggest problems is how to silence the quacks who give astrology a black eye," ran an official lament as quoted in the story. "They memorize the signs of the zodiac, don a flowing robe, wrap a towel around the head and set up shops faster than we can deplore them." The casting of a horoscope—or "road map of life itself," as Federation members prefer to call it—"isn't something to be entrusted to charlatans," said the Federation's executive secretary.

In similar fashion, Mr. Macdonald has sought to separate the sheep from the goats (or the "respectable" professionals from the "quacks") among lie-detector operators. The quest for scientific truth is something else altogether; it does not rely on the "authority" of persons, as Mr. Macdonald does throughout his article.

His citation of the "successes" scored by "bona fide" polygraphists in criminal cases is pointless without an analysis of the actual circumstances. The number of confessions obtained, for instance, has no bearing on the question of whether or not the polygraphist in each case knew from interpreting his graphs that the suspect was guilty. Take, for example, the confession of suspected Chicago murderer Mills Redmond, as reported in the New York Times of July 28, 1935: "Betrayed by the scientific crime revealer, Redmond cried out his confession and was pleading for immediate punishment almost before the inquisitors could remove the attachments." There are other cases on record where police have obtained confessions from juvenile delinquents by attaching them to contraptions made up of stolen radio parts thrown together at random, or even cruder fake "machines." How many of the confessions obtained through use of the polygraph were of the same order—that is, the result of superstitious terror on the part of suspects who happened to be guilty and were in awe of the power of "science"?

The late Leonarde Keeler—"revered" by the authorities who were consulted by Mr. Macdonald—made a great show of scientific restraint in his procedures. By contrast, the government-employed "quacks" are charged by Mr. Macdonald with "looking for answers to complex and vague questions that are not always easy to answer with a simple Yes or No: Have you ever had any Communist sympathies? . . ." (June 8, p. 11). But a few pages later Mr. Macdonald

credits the Keeler polygraph with the successful screening of German prisoners of war at Fort Getty, R. I.—prisoners who were "pro-Nazi or unsuitable for other reasons" (June 7, p. 16). What happened to the scientific objection to "complex and vague questions" here?

Perhaps more appealing to the public than the "confession" angle is the lie detector's alleged role of clearing innocent prisoners. Mr. Macdonald cites, among other cases, "the freeing of Joe Majcek in 1946 from Illinois State Prison after serving twelve years of a life term for a murder he did not commit. . . ." Actually, Majcek's release was brought about primarily through the efforts of the Chicago Times, which contended that Majcek had originally been convicted on inadequate evidence after an unfair trial. As a means of dramatizing the case, the Times hired Leonarde Keeler to come in and give a "scientific" sanction to its position. Two years after Majcek's release, there was a comic-opera sequel to the affair. Majcek accused State Representative Ragnar G. ("Rags") Nelson of extorting \$5,000 from him as the "price" of Nelson's work in getting the state to pay Majcek \$24,000 indemnification for his unjust imprisonment. There then followed a battle of the lie-detector "experts." Nelson, challenged to submit to a test, rejected Keeler's services and brought in instead Dr. Orlando Scott, who gave him a lie-detector test that he passed "with flying colors."

As Mr. Macdonald knows, I wrote a paper (never published) in 1948 on the use of lie detectors in criminal investigation. I concluded: "Such methods have been used to clear as well as to confound a suspect, but at best they are nothing more than 'white lies' used in a presumably good cause. Since they can also serve to free the guilty and convict the innocent, the 'white lies' may easily become black ones." Now, after reading Mr. Macdonald's article, I am convinced that its principal effect will be to increase the confusion surrounding the basic, twofold question:

1. *The question of scientific validity.* Not even the most "respected" polygraphers have shown that they can positively distinguish between manifestations of excitement caused by lying and manifestations of excitement resulting from other causes.

2. *The so-called moral question.* Mr. Macdonald fails to recognize that the "moral" problem is contained in the "scientific" one. If lie detectors are scientifically valid, then it is "moral" to use them on criminal suspects and on government and industrial workers where "security" is at stake. Of course, such interrogation is repugnant, because interrogation is an inherently repugnant process, whether conducted by police sergeants or polite college men. Because he has straddled the scientific issue, Mr. Macdonald's position on the use of lie detectors is hopelessly muddled.

An exclusive club of professionally elect lie-detector operators will have no more success than the organized astrologers in eliminating quackery from the field—because it is a field which properly belongs to quacks.

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

WITH a third editorial Max Ascoli concludes his series "Needed: a Coalition Government."

THERE is no reason a Member of Congress should not look after the interests of a broader constituency than that formed by the voters who send him to Washington. It all depends on what broader constituency he serves. Edmund Burke felt that it should be the nation. In the article we publish on Senator Styles Bridges (R., New Hampshire) it becomes clear that a representative is well described by the constituencies he chooses to represent.

Although he is one of the foremost Administration leaders on Capitol Hill, Senator Bridges is not considered as newsworthy as some of his Republican colleagues. *The Reporter* attempts to evaluate important people regardless of their newsworthiness. The article on Senator Bridges, written by our Washington Editor, **Douglass Cater**, assisted by **Charles Clift** and others, is the result of interviews, careful investigation, and research from Panama to New Hampshire.

BECAUSE Americans have always had a tendency to be critical of their representatives abroad, and because our times demand exceptional ability on the part of our diplomats, the recurring problem of the Foreign Service is with us again. Will the present attempt at reform succeed—despite the immense harm done to morale by recent indiscriminate investigations? **William Harlan Hale**, having worked with the Foreign Service as Director of Public Affairs in Vienna, is highly qualified to write on the subject.

The article about Australia is really about the welfare state—how it works and what it does to people. Australia is one of the first countries to accept totally, not experimentally, the welfare state. It has been made into a moral law of the land which no change in Government is likely to affect. Australians want the wel-

fare state. But what is it costing them? **Nathaniel Pfeffer's** report is not final; it presents a case to be studied. A member of the Department of Public Law and Government at Columbia University, Mr. Pfeffer recently spent nearly a year in Australia. He loves the country; whatever he says that is critical is said in a spirit of understanding.

Edmond Taylor explains how the heroic nurse of Dienbienphu acted in the long tradition of her family.

THE CONSTITUTION gives Congress control over our military budget. **Edward L. Katzenbach, Jr.**, has prepared a close analysis of the way in which that control operates and shows that the same Congress that is assuming improper authority in many other areas has all but abdicated its rightful authority in this area. A lieutenant colonel in the Marine Corps Reserve, the author teaches the history of military policy at Columbia University and has written extensively on politico-military problems.

OCCASIONALLY in letters to the Editor **Marya Mannes's** satirical writing is called cruel, overly critical, and sour; in this issue her moving piece on the Helen Keller motion picture shows that Miss Mannes can admire with the same intensity with which she assails.

Columbia University seems to have taken over this issue; no fewer than three of our contributors teach there. **Lindsay Rogers**, of the Department of Public Law and Government, speculates about how useful polls and statistics are in understanding political trends.

Until recently, **Igor Gouzenko** was known mainly as one more name on the list of those who chose freedom. Now it turns out that he has another claim to our attention. He is a writer, and with his novel, reviewed by our National Correspondent, **Theodore H. White**, he has probably done his best job against the régime of terror from which he fled.

The Reporter

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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TO OUR READERS

As our readers know, each summer two nonconsecutive issues of *The Reporter* are dropped from the publishing schedule. This year they will be the numbers that would have been dated August 3 and August 31. In between them the August 17 issue will be published. Then with the September 14 number we shall resume our schedule. The dropping of these issues does not affect the number of issues each subscriber is entitled to receive.

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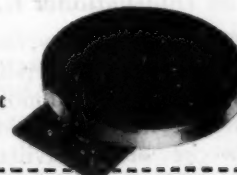
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Sir Winston Might Have Said . . .

IT HAPPENED HERE, but by no means only here. During the last few years all over the non-Communist world there has been an increased concern with domestic rather than with international affairs, a tendency to reduce military expenditures, a slowing down of the drive toward new supranational institutions. "New Look," "agonizing reappraisal" on the basis of "enlightened self-interest"—none of these policies or slogans can be considered an American monopoly. Each Allied nation has been busy reassessing its international commitments according to a conservative interpretation of its economic and military means. Briefly, ours is far from being the only nation that has gone Republican.

The latest entry in the G.O.P. column is France, and the shock many of us suffered when Pierre Mendès-France was elected Premier shows how easily we forget the beam in our own eye. True, in seeking the mandate of the French Parliament, Mendès-France did not say "I shall go to Indo-China," but he pledged himself—to use the words of candidate Eisenhower—"to bring the . . . war to an early and honorable end." A man of the Right, and a hardheaded economist, he will use every bit of power he has to make his country live within its means. It is not his fault if French politics allows him a one-month rather than a four-year tenure of office.

The International G.O.P.

In our own country, the trend toward retrenchment both in public expenditures and international commitments has been more tumultuous than anywhere else. It has been punctuated by the resounding speeches of our civilian and military leaders, frequently contradicting each other but unanimous in advocating courses of action resting entirely on American decisions and American weapons. Yet somehow the phraseology of the Grand Alliance was never quite abandoned—even when, in dealing with our Allies, the U.S. diplomats roughened up their

persuasiveness with the frequent use of either/or.

During the last couple of years, our foreign policy has been designed to make us increasingly independent of our Allies, while our Allies, in various degrees, have tried to formulate alternative policies that would make them increasingly independent of us. Great Britain relies more and more on the Commonwealth. A longing for some kind of security or Locarno pact with the Communist nations in Asia and in Europe has been frequently and forcefully expressed by foreign statesmen. Actually, Republicanism—the let's-first-put-our-house-in-order policy which several Allied nations have tried to develop in order to get a larger margin of freedom from the impact of America—has proved to be of some usefulness to them as well as to us. Evidence be the fact that in spite of all the talk about the interdependence of the Allied economies, our Allies have suffered no harm from our recession.

While international Republicanism is loosening the bonds of the Alliance, our own proto-Republicans as Administration leaders have focused all their energies with obsessive monomania on a few inter-Allied projects. First of all, they want to have the European Defense Community established and working, without further delay or alternative. They want new NATOS quickly established by American fiat wherever there is a Communist threat, and they are not inclined to pay much attention to the fact that the one original NATO has been considerably shaken by their rudeness toward our major NATO partners.

The tendency to wallow in national self-absorption, to follow a "States-Rights" policy, to go it alone—at least a little bit of the way—has led the coalition far beyond the point of safety. Never has the power of Communism been so great—and so unmatched by the democracies. It would be grossly unfair to consider our Administration solely responsible for this trend. But now the time has come for all Allied governments, and ours first, to gauge

the sweep of this trend and check its further inroads upon interallied cohesion.

The Last Warning

Probably this is the reason that brought Sir Winston Churchill to our shores. This man has been an immortal for quite a number of years, and his station on earth is about over. There were many things that he urgently felt the American President had to hear—things that only he, Winston Churchill, could tell Dwight D. Eisenhower.

We like to assume that Sir Winston was quite modest in talking to our President, quite aware of his own share of guilt in bringing about the present state of affairs. He who, more than anybody else, had fired the Europeans' imagination with the idea of continental unity and of a continental army, turned a Republican shoulder on United Europe when, in 1951, he went back to power. And certainly no one man did more than he in promoting the American delusion about the monopoly of the atom bomb—a monopoly that was supposed to be the supreme guarantee of peace.

Now he cannot help being alarmed by the Republican obsession with atomic or nuclear weapons. For years, the strategic and diplomatic thinking of American leaders has been hypnotized by the prospect of total war. Recently, while the crisis in Indo-China grew more acute, the American position became one of everything or nothing—everything meaning atomic and total war. But then the prospect of using the everything, or all-out, approach against Asian Communism became so hedged by iffy conditions that the American policy was reduced to the other alternative, which is *nothing*: no compromise with the enemy, no acceptance of compromises entered into by America's Allies, and no action.

There is no other man who knows so much about power. The great octogenarian just had to fly to Washington. A nation that curtails its armament at this time, in the face of the Communist menace, does not increase its power, no matter what the hucksters' slogans say. It is an awe-inspiring thing, the power of this protagonist nation—and not only because it is "military, economic, and spiritual," according to the boiler-plate rhetoric of the Administration's speech writers. A purely physical part of it—industrial and military—cannot be measured in terms of the devastation it can inflict on the enemy. Both its threat and its promise must be largely of a fiduciary nature. The confidence and fear that power inspires are not particularly enhanced if its holders talk too much about it.

Perhaps Sir Winston told the President that con-

fidence in American power and in its wise use is the key to the rebirth of the Alliance. Great Britain and the Commonwealth too have power, and in far from negligible proportion. The combined power of the Allied nations must necessarily be increased so that the point may be reached, and reached soon, where they can present the Communist governments with concrete, workable proposals for gradual—and internationally controlled—reduction of armaments.

Sir Winston knows what the "cold war" was at the time Hitler was on the rampage. Then the choice was always between war and peace, and the leaders of the democracies, up to the time when they could not help reversing themselves, always chose appeasement. But now war—which if fought by the two major antagonists would unavoidably be waged with absolute weapons—is not any longer a matter of choice for any sane person. Peace too is outlawed, so long as these weapons are unchecked and Communism is on the rampage.

The democracies must brace themselves for the moment when, backed by all their power, actual and potential, they make their great offer to the Communist governments. Then, as the President himself suggested on April 16, 1953, an ever-increasing part of what the major nations spend now in armaments can go to improving the living conditions of all mankind. The democracies would thus gain that most precious of all assets, which is time.

Sir Winston, a Tory and an anti-Communist from 'way back, has certainly no softness in his heart for the Comrades. Yet he knows that if coexistence has failed in some instances, in some others it has worked. There is Austria, for instance, and there is Berlin, that island of democracy, and, in a situation all its own, there is Finland.

Sir Winston's tolerance of mysticism is probably limited, and presumably he is rather allergic to Jawaharlal Nehru's inspirational charm. But he is certainly aware that India is a power to be reckoned with, and that in our competition with Communism we need strong, self-sustaining neutrals almost as much as we need strong Allies.

CAN OUR GOVERNMENT, after the silly season of verbal warfare at home and abroad, resume the leadership of the Grand Alliance? Can we, together with our Allies, stop Communism and avoid that Third World War which should rather be called the Ultimate War?

Certainly not if the President goes on relying for his Congressional support on his Republican quasi-majority. But most emphatically yes, if the President gives the nation a government of both parties and above both parties.

Senator Styles Bridges

And His Far-flung Constituents

DOUGLASS CATER

ON THE THIRTEENTH of last November (which happened to fall on a Friday), the Concord (N. H.) *Daily Monitor* carried a startling item on its front page. Beneath a two-column photograph of Senator Styles Bridges, Republican of New Hampshire, were the words "Top United States Official." Noting that President Eisenhower was in Canada, Vice-President Nixon in Korea, and Speaker of the House Martin in Europe, the *Monitor* pointed out that the mantle of *de jure* Presidential power had fallen temporarily on Bridges, the president pro tem. of the Senate. It was a sober reminder of the fact that in the event of catastrophe to America's top elected leaders, Congress, under its Constitutional mandate, provides a successor to the President and that, party seniority being what it is, Styles Bridges is now third in line for the White House.

Bridges indeed once told a Congressional committee that when he took his oath as Senator he undertook to look after the welfare of the entire United States. In pursuing this perfectly laudable aim, however, the Senator has chosen to interest himself in the causes and cases of an extraordinarily varied assortment of people. He has, in fact, served probably as motley a collection of non-New Hampshire constituents as ever passed through the doors of the Senate Office Building. When he made the above-mentioned declaration, for instance, he was attempting to explain to the committee why he had interceded time and again with the Internal Revenue Bureau to settle the tax case of a Baltimore liquor dealer Bridges claimed he had never met, and who in turn claimed that he had never met Bridges.

In addition to making him a somewhat remote heir presumptive, Bridges's Senate seniority makes him chairman of the Senate Appropriations Committee and ranking majority member of the Armed Services Committee. It is doubtful whether there are two better positions for providing that readily negotiable Washington currency called influence.

IT IS SOMEWHAT surprising that a man so powerful should be almost an unknown. In the seventeen years he has served, no major legislation has borne the name of Bridges. Though the New Hampshire Senator proudly occupies the desk of Daniel Webster, few words that are likely to enter the history books have been heard from behind that desk in recent years. Senator Bridges, a handsome man grown somewhat fleshy of face and figure, is not inclined to waste much time in colloquy on the Senate floor. Despite an otherwise savvy manner, his attempts at oratory are strangely faltering. In these rare ventures, Bridges affects a jaunty air, most often standing with both hands plunged into his rear pants pockets, elbows akimbo. Though he often speaks of disillusionment ("When I entered the Senate I was starting to become rather disillusioned," he once remarked. "Each year I become more so"), evidently this has not affected him the way it has some of his colleagues. It is hard to detect in Bridges either the anxiety or the inspiration of a burdened statesman. During the portions of his speeches in which he is predicting catastrophe, observers are startled to notice that Bridges's mouth is usually curled into what looks like a grin.

Many Years, Many Stands

Direct heir to the progressive "Sons of the Wild Jackass" tradition in the Republican Party, Bridges has defended rank conservatism as blindly as any member of the Old Guard. A lonely Republican internationalist before the outbreak of the Second World War, he has in the main voted silently for the major postwar foreign-policy programs while at the same time endorsing nearly every crippling amendment dreamed up by such Senators as Kem, Jenner, Dirksen, Welker—and by himself. He has regularly voiced deep discontent with some of America's Allies in Europe, but has pledged undying support to the exiled government of Chiang Kai-shek.

Bridges remained outwardly neutral when the Eisenhower forces scored their great victory in the 1952 New Hampshire primary, though his sidekicks were ardently pro-Taft. After the election, he says, he issued a plea for party unity, but soon joined Senators McCarthy and Dirksen in the fight against the nomination of Charles Bohlen as Ambassador to Moscow—the first Senate cabal aimed at undermining the new President's authority. For a new Administration desperately in need for leadership in Congress, he has been a slender reed.

PROBABLY the main reason for the obscure character that Bridges has retained during his many years in the Senate lies in the nature of the specialized political field in which he has achieved his greatest eminence. The reputé of a manipulator of political influence is not susceptible to standard publicity gimmicks. Such a man must pursue hidden paths, conduct his negotia-

"Goodness — Here We Are Back In The Capitol Again"



Herblock in the Washington Post

tions in inner rooms, speak in the halftones of suasion and threat. There must be an aloof, secondhand quality to all his transactions.

Bridges has mastered these patterns. He has stymied the decision of a great department of government without uttering a word for the public record. He has shoved a manufacturer out of the aircraft business with a few swift raps of a committee gavel. And throughout, the Senator has proved himself capable of discretion far above and beyond the call of Senatorial duty.

Contrary to widespread belief, such adept handling of the levers of influence depends by no means on whether one's own party is in power. The printed hearings of a House investigating subcommittee refer to an

occasion in 1949 when a Democratic Commissioner of Internal Revenue called in a subordinate, told him that Bridges had made inquiry about a case, and then added significantly, according to the later testimony of the subordinate, that "The Senator was about the only or certainly one of the few Republican friends that the Bureau of Internal Revenue had on the Appropriations Committee." That same year a Democratic Secretary of the Air Force, Stuart Symington, reportedly affirmed the Air Force's appreciation for Bridges by promising that "if there is to be a new air base in the eastern part of the United States, I want it placed in New Hampshire."

To this reporter, Senator Bridges pointed out the particular problem

that arose during the long period of Democratic dominance when a Republican citizen found his state represented by two Democratic Senators. A Republican Senator from another state would have had to be "an utterly cold bird," he remarked, to turn down a request from such a person. No cold bird, Bridges admitted that he had frequently been haunted by such out-of-state constituents. The late Senator Taft, he added, had been equally beset.

Senator Taft, however, was considerably more choosy about whose interests he served. Taft, for example, never was shown to have as a constituent a man such as Henry ("The Dutchman") Grunewald, who was a Democrat himself and the friend of high-placed Democrats.

I. The Grunewald Constituency

Actually, Henry Grunewald was not a mere constituent, but a broker for widely variegated constituents and clients who had particular problems to be ironed out in Washington. Though highly successful at this, Grunewald was comparatively unknown to the public at large until recent years. Certainly former Federal Judge William Clark of Princeton, New Jersey, had never heard of Grunewald in the summer of 1947 when he came to Washington still hopeful of regaining the judgeship that he had lost due to a political mischance while in military service during the war. Clark's old Harvard classmate, Representative W. Kingsland Macy (R., New York), suggested that Senator Bridges, then Chairman of the Appropriations Committee during the Eightieth Congress, might be able to help. But instead of arranging a direct introduction to his fellow Republican, Macy, somewhat to Clark's surprise, called in Grunewald, whom he described as "a very good friend of Bridges." It was Grunewald, in turn, who escorted Clark to the Capitol, through an antechamber where, Clark recalls, at least one or two Senators were waiting, and into the New Hampshire Senator's presence.

Bridges agreed to place some remarks in the Congressional Record on Clark's behalf. Nothing came

of the Judge's request. Clark heard no more from Bridges or Grunewald until nearly a year later. At that time his son, Blair Clark, who was publishing a weekly paper in New Hampshire, turned up a scandal involving large-scale embezzlement by a prominent contractor and the state comptroller. Thinking that the corruption might go further, young Clark was also looking, among other things, into a possible tie-up between Bridges and the contractor, who had recently done a major renovation job on Bridges's East Concord home. Suddenly Judge Clark, then serving as legal consultant to General Lucius Clay in Germany, received a transatlantic telephone call from Macy and Grunewald. Recalling Bridges's earlier "assistance" to the Judge, they suggested that Clark direct his son to drop his inquiry. Judge Clark abruptly rejected the suggestion.

It turned out that such solicitude was needless, for neither Blair Clark nor the special state's attorney who subsequently prosecuted and sent to prison the contractor and the comptroller found evidence of any collusion on Bridges's part. But it was through such precise attention to all possible contingencies that the energetic Grunewald managed to build his reputation and solidify his friendships among the politically powerful.

Some Grunewald Gambols

Born of German parents in South Africa, Henry Grunewald came to this country when he was about sixteen. Without benefit of wealth, much formal education, pretense of culture, or even citizenship until 1942, he climbed the ladder of success in Washington, finally toppling off and landing in jail just last year. Before he arrived in the nation's capital in 1930, Grunewald had served variously as a Navy seaman, during which time he became a champion boxer; as an undercover man during the First World War; as a prohibition agent, from which job he was fired as a result of his own difficulties with the Volstead Act; and finally as a private investigator. It was a wealthy and eccentric retired insurance executive, Henry Marsh, who sent Grunewald to Washington at a nice salary with the simple mission of keeping tabs on what was going on. Before many

years, Grunewald knew so much of what was going on that he became an independent operator.

In fact, so successful was Grunewald that at various times he has drawn large fees from such diverse enterprises as Pan American Airways, the American Broadcasting Company, the General Cable Corporation, the United Mine Workers, and the Nationalist Government of China. Though Grunewald professes to be a liberal Democrat, an examination of his receipts by a Congressional committee a few years ago turned up \$5,000 from Senator Owen Brewster, then Chairman of the Republican Senatorial Campaign Committee. It seems that Grunewald had been serving as a "conduit" for the Republicans to pass along these funds to certain primary candidates who could not be granted them officially.

The wiretap, the shakedown, and the fix were all part of the services Grunewald could and did offer to his clients. He displayed extraordinary resourcefulness in probing into the hidden facets of men's lives and was skillful in making others realize how potentially useful—or dangerous—such probing could be. Though neither a lawyer nor an accountant, he handled tax problems with proficiency, winning dubious recognition from a House committee investigating the Internal Revenue Bureau as the person who "personifies the decay of the Federal tax system during the period following World War II." Grunewald loved to take up difficult tax cases at the point where reputable lawyers left off.

A number of prominent Senators are known to have been on friendly terms with Grunewald. None besides Bridges, however, has ever been reported as working so closely with him on what must rank as the most peculiar constituency problem of all times. This was the tax case of a Baltimore liquor dealer named Hyman Harvey Klein.

Klein's story might be entitled "The Case of the Mystified Constituent," for Klein subsequently insisted that he had never heard of Grunewald and knew Bridges only by reputation. Yet in December, 1951, Klein was suddenly to learn that these two had been interceding with

top officials in the Internal Revenue Bureau on his behalf over a period of several years. Bridges later testified that he was acting at the request of a friend who was helping out a legal associate who in turn was trying to do Klein a good turn. Apparently nobody ever bothered to tell Klein or his attorneys.

Klein's troubles stemmed from a wartime enterprise that had involved shipping whiskey from Canada into the United States while carrying the transactions on the books of several dummy Cuban and Panamanian corporations. In this way Klein had been able to justify a considerable price mark-up on the liquor. The mark-up, the House committee later concluded, was in direct violation of U.S. ceiling-price regulations. But the scheme worked so well that in two years' time Klein and three associates realized a profit of approximately \$20 million on their original four-thousand-dollar investment.

SUCH A WINDFALL presented some problems. The Alcohol Tax Unit of the Internal Revenue Bureau began to probe Klein's operations. In 1947, when Klein sold his share of the Cuban corporations for \$5 million and paid capital-gains instead of income tax, the Intelligence Division of the Bureau began to look for tax fraud. In early March, 1948, receiving word that Klein had booked passage out of the country, the Bureau slapped jeopardy assessments totaling nearly \$7 million on him and his wife.

Three weeks later, according to the office diary kept by Charles Oliphant, the Bureau's general counsel, he and Commissioner George A. Schoeneman received a visit from Henry Grunewald. Grunewald stated, Oliphant later testified, that he was representing Senator Bridges in the matter of the Klein case. Bridges has subsequently denied it.

Before the intervention of Grunewald, as many as two hundred agents had been assigned to probe the Klein empire. It would have been logical, following the laying down of jeopardy assessments, to intensify that investigation preparatory to indictment. Strangely, after the Grunewald visit the investigation lagged remarkably. Only one agent from the

New York office was assigned to the case full time between April and August, 1949, and for two of those five months he was otherwise occupied. At the end of the summer, Daniel Bolich, who as Special Agent in Charge in New York had responsibility for supervising the case, was promoted to Assistant Commissioner of the Bureau. On his final day as special agent he ordered the discontinuance of the Intelligence Unit investigations of Klein; the next day, under his new authority, he ordered the Alcohol Tax Unit investigation stopped.

BOLICH's impartiality was challenged when the House committee investigators produced evidence that subsequently he lived for a year and a half in a Washington hotel suite maintained by Grunewald, drove a new Chrysler paid for by Grunewald, and over the period 1946-1950, when he was dealing with Grunewald on Klein's case and several others, spent at least \$115,000 while reporting an income of less than half that amount. Bolich is currently under indictment for income-tax evasion.

Despite Bolich's assistance, Klein still needed to get his assets freed. According to statute, this could not be done administratively unless a bond was posted or the tax was paid. Klein evidently didn't want to do either. The attempts to help him were persistent but unrewarding. In January, 1949, Bridges paid a visit to the Bureau after which its three top officials in rapid succession summoned Aubrey Marrs, head of the technical staff, to report the Senator's interest. Commissioner Schoeneman, according to Marrs's testimony before the King Committee, was a model of discretion. He cautioned that nothing improper should be done but that one should not forget Bridges's friendship for the Bureau. Assistant Commissioner Bolich, on the other hand, was more direct: "My impression from what he said to me," Marrs later testified, "was that 'You have got your orders. Now, you find some way to do it.'"

Whether coincidentally or not, both Bridges and Grunewald subsequently gave thorough evidence of their friendship for officials of the Bureau. That September Bridges in-

troduced a Senate measure specifying a pay raise for Counsel Oliphant. This, however, was defeated by his economy-minded colleagues. (Earlier that year Bridges had opposed an increase for cancer research with the admonitory words, "We must decide between what is desirable and what is absolutely necessary.") The following spring, Grunewald took both Schoeneman and Oliphant on vacation with him at his Miami estate.

Shortly before their departure, on March 22, 1950, Bridges conferred again with these two, and a day or so later Grunewald was on the phone to Oliphant, announcing, "What he [Bridges] can't get away from, they slapped a jeopardy assessment on these people and put them through all this trouble and he is a little peeved about that, see? . . . He asked if I could find out from you how long it will be before the thing is wound up?"

Evidently the law was inflexible and certain Bureau officials, like Marrs, refused to be pushed around. Bureau records show a telephone call over a year later between Schoeneman and Oliphant discussing a pending visit from Bridges to discuss the Klein case. In July, 1951, the records contain transcripts of several phone calls in which Bridges discussed plans for a settlement conference on the Klein case.

'Terrific Burden'

A few months later, members of the King Committee, plowing through the interesting and detailed office log of Charles Oliphant, were startled to discover the evidence of this curious teamwork between Bridges and Grunewald. Although the Committee was never able to get the full details of the case, its investigations had several impressive results. Grunewald served a short term in jail for contempt rather than give frank answers to the Committee's questions. Daniel Bolich is under indictment, and both Schoeneman and Oliphant have resigned from the Internal Revenue Bureau. The testimony of William Power Maloney, the tiny, blustery lawyer who, according to Bridges, asked his assistance in Klein's behalf, was sent to the Justice Department by the Committee to be examined for evidence of perjury. Hyman Harvey Klein

was indicted by a grand jury in May, 1954, for income-tax evasion.

SUCH ARE the niceties of Congressional etiquette, however, that when the Committee, by this time Republican-controlled, made its final report on the case last fall, the name of Styles Bridges was not even mentioned, despite the frequency with which it had cropped up during the hearings. There had been brief embarrassment for Senator Bridges when he appeared on March 27, 1952, to explain his interest in the Klein case. "This, gentlemen," he had said, "is the story of a typical Congressional inquiry which you and every member of Congress are required to make daily." The Senator was asked how he had come to take such an interest in a case outside his immediate constituency. "I represent the State of New Hampshire," Bridges said, "but when I took my oath of office as a United States Senator I became a Senator of the United States, and my first obligation is to serve the welfare of the country . . . Sometimes it is a terrific burden but it is one of the things that Senators and Congressmen do, if they intend to stay in Congress."

Bridges declared that he had acted to help out his old friend, William Maloney. (Presumably Maloney, a Democrat who had served in the Justice Department for many years, was incapable of finding his own way around the Revenue Bureau.) Bridges said he had never authorized Grunewald to speak for him and that he would never have intervened in the case had he known that fraud charges were involved. His recollection was extremely vague about what inquiries he had made in Klein's behalf or what he had done with the information gained.

Bridges lost some of his composure when the committee counsel, Adrian DeWind, led him through the mass of diary notations, telephone transcripts, and other evidence documenting his intercession. At one point he burst out angrily, ". . . I have always heard it was illegal to record telephone conversations . . ." Then, catching himself, he added quickly, "but I have no objection to this thing, because those telephone conversations probably are helpful now." His composure vanished com-

pletely when Congressman Thomas J. O'Brien (D., Illinois) asked the question that was in the minds of all those present: "Senator Bridges . . . can you tell us of any other cases where you have taken action at the Bureau of Internal Revenue on behalf of people who were not from New Hampshire?"

The printed record of the hearings reveals an answer that could scarcely be described as lucid. "I cannot, right offhand, but undoubtedly probably I have, but I do not know. I could not answer you right offhand on that but my assumption is—and when anybody asked me anything from New Hampshire, I have always done it, if I thought it was proper; and if anybody who was a friend—if you came to me Congressman O'Brien, and said—and I knew you—and you said, 'Will you make an inquiry for me of the Bureau of Internal Revenue on a matter,' or the Department of Commerce, or anybody else, of course I would, and I think every Congressman or Senator would."

No one reminded the Senator that he didn't know Hyman Harvey Klein, didn't even know his case had been under investigation for tax fraud. Chairman Cecil King did, however, express a sense of disquiet that the life-and-death power of the Senate Appropriations Committee might have played a part in influencing the Bureau's actions. King told Bridges that his friends Grunewald and Maloney had taken deliberate advantage of him. "I think down deep inside you, you are going to welcome the first opportunity or you should, to meet both of them and let them have the benefit of your thinking."

When interviewed recently, Senator Bridges was decidedly cautious in giving this reporter the benefit of his thinking about Grunewald. Bridges remarked that he had known Grunewald for many years, first having met him through Grunewald's boss, Henry Marsh, but that sometimes two or three years would go by between Grunewald's appearances in his office. He considered him neither an aide nor a social acquaintance. Grunewald had been an intimate friend of Vice-President Barkley and other powerful Democrats, Bridges said, but unlike many other people,

he (Bridges) had not run for cover when all the shooting started. From what Bridges knew of Grunewald's operations, he said, they were "typical of that age in Washington where many of the people like [Grunewald] could be found." Bridges was asked if he felt any resentment toward Grunewald for dragging his name into the Klein case. The Senator smiled sourly. "I have been pummeled around pretty much on this matter but I have no resentment. I try to be decent to people and I like to get along with them."

II. The Paths of Glory

Bridges's career reveals both the challenge and the perplexities of the American dream that an ambitious young man can rise to the top in politics no matter what his birth or circumstances. The eldest child of a poor Maine tenant farmer, young Henry Styles (he was ultimately to drop the Henry for fear of confusion with the leftist West Coast labor leader Harry Bridges) was forced to work hard to support the family and put himself through the agricultural course at the University of Maine. A brief, unhappy marriage in his youth only added to his financial burdens and left him with a son to support. He was still a young man when he crossed into New Hampshire to work on the agricultural extension staff of the state university there, and later for the State Farm Bureau Federation. Via this route, Bridges had before many years entered the hazardous field of politics.

Poverty was not Bridges's only handicap in this pursuit. Not being a lawyer, he could not enjoy the lawyer's penchant for moving in and out of public life with continued opportunities for enhancement of his professional career. Indeed, it is doubtful whether Bridges would ever have gotten into politics but for a benefactor of immense prestige and integrity, ex-Governor Robert P. Bass. During the 1920's Bridges was private secretary to the wealthy Bass, who led a vigorous group of New Hampshire progressive Republicans against the Old Guard forces of Senator George Moses. (It was Moses who had joined with the elder

Senator Henry Cabot Lodge to frustrate America's entry into the League of Nations and who sneeringly coined the phrase "Sons of the Wild Jackass" to describe his progressive Republican colleagues.) Bass's group, including a number of eminent New Hampshire men like John Winant, John McLane, and Charles Tobey, wielded a powerful idealistic force in the state's political life, battling such vested interests as the utility holding companies that sought to dominate it.

Not long ago, Bridges recalled in the presence of this reporter his early crusading days. "You'd be amazed," he said, "but when I first got into politics in New Hampshire I got in actively fighting the top holding companies—Insull and the rest. It was one of the chief issues. Nowadays, because I believe in private power, people say I am a conservative."

Others who remember those times tell a slightly different story. It was in 1930, according to one version, that Bridges first entered public life—as Governor Charles Tobey's appointee to the New Hampshire Public Service Commission. The Governor's Council, an archaic elective body in New Hampshire that used to reflect the desires of the vested-interest groups, at first turned thumbs down on Bridges. Tobey stuck to his nominee, however, resubmitting Bridges's name at session after session of the Council. Suddenly, one day, the nomination went through without opposition.

'What the Power Trust Wants'

Nothing in Bridges's subsequent career apparently caused the utility representatives to regret his appointment. The Senator has been a relentless and bitter foe of TVA and every other public power enterprise. Old-timers in the Senate still recall the afternoon the elderly Senator George Norris (R., Nebraska) pointed a finger at Bridges and described him as "the one Member outstanding in the Senate of the United States who does just exactly what the Power Trust of America wants done." Many years later, Bridges was the only Senator from fuel-hungry New England to vote for the Kerr gas bill, which was designed to remove natural-gas producers

from effective regulation by the Federal Power Commission.

The first forebodings of disillusionment came to the Bass group during Bridges's gubernatorial campaign in 1934, when its members got word that Bridges was receiving financial support from the Rockingham Race Track interests. Confronted with the rumor, Bridges denied it, but defiantly added, according to the recollection of one of those present, that better men than he had accepted such support.

'With Clean Hands'

In the main Bridges was adjudged a good and progressive governor. The No. 1 enemy remained old George Moses, grown more and more cantankerous during his long years in the Senate. When, in 1936, Bridges decided to contest Moses's effort to return to the Senate (Moses had lost to a Democrat in 1932), there was no question as to whom Bass and his friends would support. They were for "Little Boy Blue"—the sobriquet Moses had sarcastically given the natty young governor. Bridges could in turn reassure his friends and rebuke Moses with the solemn promise: "When I go to Washington, I shall go with clean hands. . . . No one will be able to tap on my shoulder and demand my vote by reason of any obligation incurred." In January, 1937, Senator Bridges went to Washington.

A FORMER FRIEND of the Senator wrote this reporter not long ago: "You ask why he changed from a reasonably promising young liberal into what he has become. That question has always fascinated me. Knowing him as I do quite intimately, I can say that he is essentially a weak man, easily influenced by other more dominant people who may be close to him at the time. When he was a young man he was a liberal and was very much under the influence of the liberal Republican group. His second wife, Sally Clement, was a very fine woman, and had she not died in the middle '30's, the story might have been quite different."

A shrewd Washington reporter who has observed Bridges closely for a number of years provides a slightly different assessment. He points out that the ambitious young man arrived

in the nation's capital to find himself pretty well blocked from further advancement. He represented a state with four electoral votes, hardly enough to cut much ice at the national conventions. He lacked the personal wealth that would allow a Member of Congress to enjoy independent status. Finally, he was a member of a skeleton Republican crew destined to endure sixteen more years of Democratic rule. Bridges made his final serious bid for national stature as a favorite-son candidate in the 1940 Republican Convention.

III. The House On R Street

John Porter Monroe was a pretty sad constituent for Bridges or any other elected representative to claim. Born Monroe Kaplan, son of a wealthy New York wool merchant, he had pursued the existence of a small-time promoter before coming to Washington at the outbreak of the Second World War, renting an elegant brick house at 2101 R Street, N.W., and setting himself up among the five percenters and would-be five percenters. Monroe affected a colonelcy, and made a valiant effort to mix social climbing with his dubious business activities. He was making a pretty good go of it by the summer of 1942, when, according to one of the Senator's campaign aides, he came up to New Hampshire to spend some time "helping out" around Bridges's headquarters.

Less than a year later Monroe and his Red House on R Street were a nine-day sensation in Washington. A House Military Affairs subcommittee exposed some of Monroe's operations, and before things quieted down, reporters had dug up a fair amount of additional testimony. Not only had the New Hampshire Senator been a visitor at Monroe's house; his name had been used by Monroe to attract other notables. Secretary of the Navy Knox revealed that he had declined several invitations but had accepted one when told that a gathering was to "honor" Senator Bridges.

It turned out that five percenting was not the only interest of the burly, aggressive Monroe. Before

his downfall he had confided to several friends that he was actively promoting Bridges for the 1944 Republican Presidential nomination and that he expected to become Secretary of War in the Bridges Cabinet. To Edward Harris, reporter for the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, Monroe affirmed his purpose of bringing together a coalition "to prevent Roosevelt from . . . making a WPA out of the whole world."

All things considered, it was an ineffective way to launch a candidacy. Bridges's name was not even put in nomination. In 1945, Monroe was arrested for black-market activities, and he subsequently served a two-year prison sentence.

Asked about this episode not long ago, Bridges replied that he had not seen Monroe for ten or eleven years. He said he had merely attended dinners at Monroe's home on one or two occasions, along with a number of high-ranking officials. Bridges denied that Monroe had had anything to do with his 1942 campaign in New Hampshire. "If he did come there, he was probably visiting," the Senator said. "He had a home, or his wife's folks had, somewhere in New England."

IV. The Constituency Of John L. Lewis

Undoubtedly l'affaire Monroe was only a flash in the pan, but Bridges's relationship with John L. Lewis, the old chieftain of the United Mine Workers, was something else again.

It may be counted a rare occasion indeed when a Senator claims as a constituent a bitterly denounced political foe. In 1937, young Senator Bridges had declared: "The Republican National Committee does not owe John L. Lewis or his CIO affiliates any money and I thank God for that." In 1939, he told a Republican gathering that "Republicans will be wasting their time in seeking compromises with John L. Lewis, Harry Bridges, and the like." In 1941, he took the floor of the Senate to denounce "'Steam-roller' Lewis . . . attempting to stampede government representatives into giving him control over the destinies of workers. . . ."

Yet in 1946, according to one of

the rare bits of Henry Grunewald's testimony before the House committee, Bridges's attitude toward Lewis must have mellowed. That year Lewis staged a crippling Mine Workers' strike and tried to defy a court order issued by Federal Judge T. Alan Goldsborough. Goldsborough responded by slapping a \$3,500,000 fine on the Mine Workers and a \$10,000 fine on Lewis personally. Amid the fracas, Grunewald was hired by Lowell Mayberry, a disbarred Boston lawyer working for Lewis, to investigate Goldsborough's personal life. Grunewald and an associate received approximately \$15,000 for this unsavory and unfruitful piece of research.

Grunewald's testimony before a closed executive session of the committee, which was later read into the public record by Congressman Hale Boggs (D., Louisiana), was that Senator Bridges introduced him to Mayberry and was present during the discussion of the proposed private investigation of Goldsborough. Later, in a public hearing, Grunewald amended his testimony, saying that Bridges had recommended him to Mayberry for investigative work but had not participated in the Goldsborough discussion.

When asked about this recently, Senator Bridges remarked that the newspapers had never printed the executive testimony of Mayberry, in which he denied Grunewald's testimony. Bridges conceded that newspapers cannot publish executive testimony until it is released (which Mayberry's never was), but added, "I have chosen to keep silent on the whole thing." Why then had Grunewald dragged him into the picture? Bridges said he thought Grunewald had been "confused."

Passing a Miracle

In 1948 Lewis was once again staging a Mine Workers' strike in contempt of a court order. The trouble this time stemmed from the Mine Workers' pension fund, set up in 1947, which was supposed to be administered by Lewis for the Mine Workers, Ezra Van Horn for the mine owners, and a "neutral" third trustee. Early in 1948, the neutral trustee had resigned and the other two were deadlocked, Trustee Van Horn arguing that Trustee Lewis

was trying to pay out such large benefits for retired miners that the fund would soon be bankrupt.

On Saturday morning, April 10, 1948, at eleven, House Speaker Martin called the two recalcitrant trustees to his office in the Capitol, and minutes later had achieved a remarkable agreement. The record of the meeting relates that "The Honorable Joseph W. Martin, Jr. proceeded forthwith, and while the two trustees were present, to engage the Honorable Styles Bridges by telephone in order to ascertain as to whether he would accept the trusteeship of the United Mine Workers Welfare and Retirement Fund, and at that time, approximately 11:13 A.M. on Saturday, April 10, the Honorable Styles Bridges so acquiesced..."

A FEW SOUR notes were sounded amid the general huzzahs for Bridges and Martin. Enterprising reporters sniffed around and discovered that Van Horn had been the only participant in the agreement at Martin's office who had not been forewarned. Equally curious was the fact that Bridges, Martin, and a big Philadelphia oil man, Joseph Pew, had dined together the evening prior to the remarkable compact. A coal operator voiced to Joseph Loftus of the *New York Times* the bewilderment that was felt by many about this turn of affairs: "I don't know what it is or how it happened, but it has an awful strong smell."

Not even the disgruntled, however, knew whether it smelled of oil or politics or of something else. It was nearly sixteen months later that a Senate Banking subcommittee, conducting routine hearings on "The Economic Power of Labor Organizations" chanced to discover that Bridges was collecting \$35,000 per annum for his services as a trustee of the Mine Workers' fund.

When this fact hit the headlines, Bridges's response was immediate. In answer to a query from the publisher of the *Portsmouth (N. H.) Herald*, he wired the following explanation: AS YOU KNOW I AM NOT A MAN OF PERSONAL MEANS AND UNDER SUCH CIRCUMSTANCES IT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE FOR ME TO SERVE IN THE CAPACITY OF NEUTRAL TRUSTEE MEETING THE COST INVOLVED OF PERSONAL

ACTUARIAL AND LEGAL COUNSEL TO MAKE MY WORK AS TRUSTEE PRUDENT AND LEGAL. THEREFORE I AM ACCEPTING MONTHLY PAYMENTS FROM THE FUND AT THE RATE REFERRED TO AND FROM THOSE PAYMENTS WILL MEET THE COST OF EXPERT ACTUARIAL AND LEGAL COUNSEL RENDERED ME PERSONALLY.

Senatorial courtesy might have closed in to conceal the embarrassment, except for the curiosity of Senator Glen Taylor, that strange maverick from Idaho who had served as the Progressive Party's Vice-Presidential candidate in 1948. After that fiasco, Taylor didn't care much about etiquette. He wrote to the counsel of the Banking Committee requesting further clarification. Had Bridges in fact been obliged, he asked, to deduct actuarial and legal expenses from his salary? Had the job demanded a great amount of time and travel expense? Finally, Taylor wanted to know how successful Bridges had been in maintaining "neutrality" as the third trustee?

Committee Counsel Robert L'Heureux, himself a New Hampshire man and a protégé of Senator Charles Tobey, provided a very fully documented answer. Letters and minutes of trustee meetings revealed that shortly after Bridges had become a trustee he demanded that the cost of independent advice should be borne by the Fund. The other trustees had agreed, and on one occasion there was a record of \$12,000 paid out to an independent actuary hired by Trustee Bridges. On the matter of work and travel burdens, Bridges had attended a total of nine meetings, each lasting between forty minutes and three hours, and all taking place in Washington.

On the subject of the Senator's neutrality, L'Heureux listed all twenty-nine disagreements among the trustees; in every case, Trustee Bridges and Trustee Lewis sided together against Trustee Van Horn. On August 18, 1949, after L'Heureux's report had been made public, Bridges told reporters that it was simply an effort of Henry Wallace's former running mate to cause political embarrassment. He promised to tell the "full story" and to identify the experts he had paid from his own salary after he left the Fund,

which he said he planned to do in the near future.

By the following month it had become evident that the pension policy adopted by Lewis and Bridges had gotten the Fund into trouble, and Van Horn bitterly castigated the other two trustees. For the first time Bridges sided with Van Horn against Lewis, voting to suspend temporarily all pension payments as well as trustee salaries. A mine pensioner filed suit against the trustees for suspending his pension. Finally in April, 1950, Bridges announced that he was quitting.

NOT LONG AFTERWARD, a reporter for the Claremont (N. H.) *Daily Eagle* called on Bridges in Washington to get the accounting that had been promised. The Senator, while refusing to give details, admitted that he had gotten some "compensation" above expenses. The reporter, basing his estimate on the per annum rate, filed a story that the Mine Workers' fund had paid Bridges "more than \$45,000 plus expenses" during his tenure.

A few days later, the Concord *Monitor* reported that Bridges was threatening to sue the *Daily Eagle* for having published that figure. "When I get home this summer," the Senator was quoted in a telephone interview, "I'm going into the home town of every one of these cheap b . . . s and tell my side of the story."

Up in Claremont, five summers have rolled round since then, but no one has yet had an opportunity to hear the senior Senator's side of the story. The publisher of the *Daily Eagle* no longer worries about a libel suit.

When questioned about the UMW episode recently, Bridges declared that he had taken the job because he thought it would be a public service. "Joe Martin got the greatest standing ovation in the House, certainly in my time, on account of that accomplishment," he remarked. "All I've gotten is abuse!" He again referred to unspecified expenses, and pointed out that from the time pension payments were suspended (a month after the publicity) until his resignation he had received no compensation. As for voting with Lewis, Bridges said the record would show

that the two differed later on. He declared that he had been trying to strike a middle ground, and that Van Horn was an "able but stubborn individual." Bridges said he had believed that money paid in for relief of miners should be used for that. "I guess I was too liberal on that for Van Horn and the operators," the Senator concluded.

V. A New Kind Of Pork

Besides his hegemony as senior Republican and as Chairman of the Appropriations Committee, Senator Bridges also is ranking Republican on the Senate Armed Services Committee, which maintains surveillance over the one department of the government far exceeding all the rest in dollar expenditures. Because of this, the Defense Department has in recent years been the object of anxious scrutiny by many thoughtful people who fear the enormous political power accruing from such vast disbursements. Last year the editor of the Concord *Daily Monitor* concluded gloomily: "In the old days of relative peace and smaller budgets, river and harbor bills used to be the principal pork barrel legislation for members of Congress. There is increasing evidence that defense spending has taken the place of river and harbor improvements in such grabs."

The Concord editor was voicing concern over the way the site for the \$45-million Portsmouth-Newington (New Hampshire) strategic bomber base had been chosen. Four years ago, William Loeb, owner and editor of the Manchester *Union Leader* and a close political supporter of Bridges, had been called down to Washington by Air Force Secretary Stuart Symington, who told him, according to Loeb's later recollection, "I appreciate all the things Styles Bridges has done for the Air Force during these dangerous days, and if there is to be a new air base in the eastern part of the United States, I want it placed in New Hampshire."

A year and a half later, Loeb announced joyously in a front-page editorial, "Bridges Brings Back the Bacon!" Only Bridges among New Hampshire's elected leaders de-

served credit for getting the air base, Loeb's paper reported.

For a time it looked as if the Republican Administration would undo what a Democratic one had done, for in the spring of 1953 Defense Secretary Wilson announced that Air Force economies would oblige deferment on construction of the base. A few days later Bridges made a cryptic remark to the effect that "the air base cutback could lead to other major reductions in defense spending by a Senate Appropriations Committee." Not long after that, the Pentagon again reversed its course and decided to go ahead on a limited scale on the Portsmouth-Newington base for "stand-by" purposes.

This evidently was still not satisfactory to the New Hampshire Senator, who told reporters during a visit to Portsmouth in August that he was in telephonic communication with Air Secretary Talbott on the matter almost every other day. On August 31, 1953, a victory communiqué was handed out from Bridges's Washington office and confirmed a half hour later by the Pentagon: Work would proceed at full speed on a fully activated base with an annual payroll of \$27 million. Fletcher Knebel commented later in *Look* that it was the one time the new Pentagon economizers had beat "an open political retreat."

An interesting postscript is provided by the fact that certain lawyers in Manchester, New Hampshire, have recently discovered that old clients are now paying retainers to attorney Wesley Powell, Bridges's former administrative assistant, in hopes of getting construction contracts for work on the base. Powell has already demonstrated his prowess by forming an architects' syndicate that has secured the contract for planning work at the base.

VI. The Hammer Constituency

Congress itself, leery of favoritism in the letting of defense contracts, in September, 1951, passed Public Law 155, giving the two Armed Services Committees veto power over military decisions on the acquisition or disposition of property valued at

more than \$25,000. In the very first decision to come under committee purview following the passage of the law, Senator Bridges demonstrated how the Act could be used as an instrument of favoritism.

Bridges's favored constituent in this instance was a New Jersey businessman named Dr. Armand Hammer, who is the owner of United Distillers, Inc. Bridges's friendship with Hammer dated back to the early war years, when Hammer for a time owned a small distillery in New Hampshire. In 1948, Bridges and his wife accompanied Hammer on a Caribbean cruise in Hammer's private yacht. In 1949, one of Bridges's assistants made inquiries with the New York State Liquor Authority when one of Hammer's companies was having trouble over a license violation.

In 1951, the Army announced its intention of leasing the huge Morgantown Ordnance Works in New Jersey for the private production of fertilizer nitrates, of which there was a shortage at the time. Hammer came forward as a potential lessor, but from the Army's point of view there were at least two strikes against him. For one thing, United Distillers did not have the experience that would qualify it to operate the nation's largest single plant of this type. Secondly, Hammer himself, though showing no present signs of Communist sympathy, had lived in the Soviet Union during the 1920's and collaborated with the Communists on large-scale business activities. He had written a book in 1932 that contained glowing praise of Lenin, as well as messages from that Soviet leader addressed to "Comrade Hammer."

Senate investigators, including Bridges himself, have been known to have a field day on much less provocation than this. After due consideration, Under Secretary of the Army Archibald Alexander decided to reject Hammer's bid and to lease Morgantown to the Mathieson Chemical Corporation.

In doing so, Alexander was not unaware of a lively degree of political interest in Hammer's case, that of Senator Bridges being among the liveliest. Before the Army's decision to lease Morgantown had even been announced, Bridges had requested

Alexander to give consideration to Hammer's bid. On subsequent occasions, the Senator again spoke personally on Hammer's behalf. Other Members of Congress were also active.

Amid the chorus of political support for Hammer, a crass note crept in. An assistant to Alexander received a telephone call one day in midsummer of 1951 from a fairly prominent New Jersey politician. The caller emphasized that Hammer's company was incorporated in New Jersey and that it might be advantageous all around if Hammer were to receive the Morgantown contract. He then said it would be worth \$100,000 to Alexander's campaign [Alexander was considering entering the gubernatorial campaign in New Jersey] if the Morgantown award went to Hammer. There was no indication that Hammer knew of this attempted bribe. He actually contributed to Alexander's Republican opponent when the Under Secretary ran unsuccessfully for the Senate in 1952.

Friendly intercession from Capitol Hill turned to furious opposition in September, 1951, when the Army announced its decision in favor of Mathieson. In the House Armed Services Committee, Congressman L. Gary Clemente (D., New York) demanded and got a full-scale hearing under the provisions of Public Law 155. In spite of a warning from an Assistant Secretary of Agriculture that a delay would seriously reduce the fertilizer supply for 1952 crops, the House committee proceeded to summon Army witnesses from the Under Secretary on down, but finally approved the lease in early December.

In the Senate committee, only Bridges continued to balk, but Senatorial privilege entitled a single member to hold up approval. A call from Under Secretary Alexander to Bridges, who was at a vacation spot, brought polite evasion. Finally on December 20, as the Army's option with Mathieson was due to expire, thus invalidating the contract, a committee staff member took matters into his own hands. He placed a long-distance call to Bridges and put the decision squarely up to him, saying that either the Senator must permit the contract to go through or he

must be prepared to accept the blame. Bridges replied that he would reluctantly yield. The Army had managed to uphold its decision under all the pressure, but, as one official commented afterward, it could not afford many such victories.

Today Bridges's memory of the case is cloudy. He recalled in talking to this reporter that Hammer had once told him that he was the highest bidder for Morgantown, but, he said, "I never paid much attention to it. My association with it was relatively slight."

VII. The Kaisers Face the Music

The Hammer story indicates that it is sometimes extremely difficult for even the most baronial Senator to force an affirmative decision upon a government agency against its will. It is not quite so difficult to compel an agency to back down from one of its own decisions, as Henry J. Kaiser was to learn last spring when he was tossed right out of the aircraft production business overnight.

Somehow Kaiser has never managed an entree into the circle of Bridges constituents, although he would seem to possess very adequate qualifications. Periodically since 1946, Bridges has leveled one attack or another against the Kaiser enterprises. His speeches on the subject, in contrast to his usually fairly colorless utterances, ring with such supercharged phrases as "dimpled darling of the New Deal" and "Miss Democracy's best kept boy friend."

Kaiser kept going in spite of Bridges's protests. Then, in late 1950, the Air Force awarded him a contract to build Fairchild Flying Boxcar cargo planes at his Willow Run plant, as a secondary source of supply to the parent Fairchild Corporation. Later, the Air Force phased out Kaiser's Boxcar production but awarded him a contract for assault transports. For the Air Force, it meant broadening the industrial base as a preparedness measure. For Kaiser it meant a chance to establish himself in the aircraft-production field, which idea aroused no enthusiasm on the part of Fairchild.

There is conflicting opinion about how well Kaiser handled his oppor-

"And I Take A Firm Stand On The Issue Of Corruption"



Herblock in the Washington Post

tunity. His unit cost for the first planes was very large compared to Fairchild's; there were experts, however, who argued that his "learning curve" was not excessively steep and that his costs would be comparable to Fairchild's when he had reached a similar volume of production.

The argument soon became academic. On June 2, 1953, Senator Bridges, as chairman of a Senate Armed Services subcommittee, opened hearings on what was announced as a broad inquiry into "Aircraft Procurement." Before many minutes it became clear that the Kaiser contract was the only thing on the agenda. On the fourth day of ruthless interrogation, the Air Force capitulated. Lieutenant

General Orval Cook, Deputy Chief of Staff for Materiel, announced to the subcommittee, "The Air Force is disappointed . . . in the performance of the Kaiser-Frazer operation."

The Dead Horse

Vainly, the Kaisers, father and son, tried to come in and defend themselves. They brought detailed statistics to document their case, but it was useless. On the morning of June 24, while the Kaisers were testifying in the Armed Services Committee room, a messenger arrived from the Pentagon. The Air Force had canceled Kaiser's contracts.

Minutes later, Chairman Bridges recessed the subcommittee *sine die*.

It has neither met nor filed a report in the nearly thirteen months since then. Asked recently about when a report might be forthcoming, Senator Bridges replied with a chuckle that there was a difference of opinion about the desirability of such a report. Some of the members argued, he said, that "You've obtained the end sought—cancellation of the contracts. It would be like whipping a dead horse to come out with a report in condemnation afterwards." What about the critics who said that Kaiser was Bridges's favorite whipping boy? Bridges conceded that he had been a vocal critic of Kaiser at times. "On the other hand," he said tolerantly, "I don't want ever to persecute a person or a company."

VIII. China Lobby, New Hampshire Div.

Senator Bridges has served one constituent with a zeal surpassing that he has displayed toward all others. This is the China Lobby, whose ferocity in defending the American interests of Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist Government has increased as Chiang's success in defending China against Communism has waned. In early 1950, Bridges announced to the Senate, in line with his apparent belief that the alliance with Chiang is to be cherished above almost any other: "Mr. President, I propose this policy for the United States. I propose that our government give the Nationalist Government of China its unqualified assurance that whatever assistance is needed to insure its continued existence will be furnished."

Unlike many other constituents, the China Lobby has sought to acquire a legitimate relationship of sorts by putting down roots in Bridges's state. Such are Oriental finesse and discretion, however, that many old-time residents will be surprised to learn that Nationalist representatives now maintain a sumptuous summer residence on the shores of Lake Winnepesaukee, and that both the senior Senator and the state attorney general, a Bridges protégé and former aide, have set up vacation cottages on land adjoining and partially carved from this estate.

Bridges has expressed a high de-

gree of unconcern about the existence of a China Lobby, having announced at one time that he didn't know of any such outfit, "but if there is one . . . [and] they are not doing anything illegal, they are certainly helping to carry out the policy of the United States of America today." On another occasion, he explained a munificent campaign contribution from Alfred Kohlberg, the New York lace and linen vendor who has proudly if overegotistically claimed that he is the China Lobby, by remarking that he had been interested in the cause of Nationalist China a long time before he knew the gentleman in question. Which came first, the China Lobby or its spokesmen, is likely to be a chicken-and-egg argument—nor does it particularly matter.

Bridges was among the first to blame the developing tragedy in China on the U.S. State Department, when after the resignation of Ambassador Pat Hurley in 1945, he called for a housecleaning of that institution. In 1946, William Loeb, president of the American China Policy Association, the strong right arm of the Lobby, bought the late Colonel Frank Knox's excellent newspaper, the *Manchester Union Leader*, the only New Hampshire paper with statewide circulation, and proceeded to turn it into a propaganda organ for the Lobby. Loeb, a close friend of Bridges, has filled the *Union Leader's* news and editorial columns with violent abuse of America's chief foreign policymakers, and has continued to do so without letup even after the change in Administrations. Last July 4, for example, he dispatched from his Nevada home (Loeb until recently at least had never bothered to establish a permanent residence in New Hampshire) a telegram to President Eisenhower which was duly reprinted as a front-page *Union Leader* editorial: SUGGEST THAT IF YOU WANT PEACE AT ANY PRICE IN KOREA, YOU AND THE JOINT CHIEFS OF STAFF CELEBRATE THIS FOURTH OF JULY BY CRAWLING ON YOUR COLLECTIVE BELIES BEFORE THE COMMUNISTS. . . . NO PRESIDENT IN THIS NATION'S HISTORY HAS SO DISHONORED THE UNITED STATES AS YOU HAVE. . . .

A second pillar of the Lobby who has been attracted to the New

Hampshire Senator's circle is the aforementioned Alfred Kohlberg, former president of the American China Policy Association and the man who, as editor of a "news" sheet called *Plain Talk*, boasts that it was he who supplied Senator McCarthy with ammunition for his first attacks on the State Department. Though not a resident of New Hampshire, Kohlberg was listed as second-largest contributor to the Bridges campaign in 1948—his \$2,000 covering more than forty per cent of the listed cost of a campaign in which there was no opposition in the primary and only a token Democratic candidate in November.

Over the years since the Second World War, Senator Bridges has developed with increasing fervor the theme of treason at home as an explanation for disaster in Asia. True to his cautious nature, he has usually employed the question mark rather than the exclamation point to punctuate his attacks. On March 27, 1950, he delivered a speech in the Senate entitled "Who Is the Master Mind in the State Department?" Bridges demanded to know the identity of "the master spy, the servant of Russia who moves the puppets . . . using them and using our State Department at will."

BRIDGES was somewhat perturbed when Senator McCarthy, a neophyte in the cause, took his question literally and embarked upon the enumeration of the foreign agents in the employ of our government. In a remarkably candid Milwaukee speech on April 15, 1950, Bridges went so far as to characterize McCarthy as "too wild." "McCarthy will never prove that there are fifty-seven card-carrying Communists in the State Department," he said. "I've been investigating around Washington for a long time, and even I would find it difficult to prove there was one card-carrying Communist in the State Department." He suggested that it would be preferable not to be so specific. "I don't know whether Owen Lattimore is a Communist or not," he confessed, "but when it takes fourteen typewritten pages to summarize the FBI report on him I say that man is no man to represent my country."

Since that time, Bridges has come to have a higher regard for McCarthy's technique. Recently, in an interview, he described the McCarthy-Army dispute as a "difference of procedure." "It's been accentuated," he said, "by people who love to stir up trouble more than what actually exists."

Winnepesaukee Pleasure Dome

The most fascinating example of the China Lobby's attraction for the New Hampshire Senator, if only because it is the most devious, has to do with the bona fide Chinese members of the Lobby. The story begins shortly after the Second World War when Arthur Beaumont Rothwell, a Britisher who had spent a great deal of time in the Far East, came to this country and set up operations. Rothwell prospered noticeably during the ensuing years, but remained tight-lipped about the nature of his business activities. Even the close neighbors of his various residences on Long Island, Park Avenue, and in Panama could never learn what it was he did; some even suspected, quite wrongly, that he was a British secret agent.

In reality, Rothwell was confidential financial agent for the prominent family of H. H. Kung, brother-in-law of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, operating genius of the Bank of China in the United States and officer emeritus of the China Lobby. H. H.'s son Louis figured as political strategist and Congressional liaison man for the Lobby during the 1950 Congressional elections.

Rothwell served as a front for the Kungs in a wide variety of business and other activities. In 1950, for example, he quietly bought a partnership in David Charnay's public-relations firm, Allied Syndicates, after the Kungs had selected it to handle the Bank of China account. This partnership, by the way, was never listed as required under the Foreign Agents Registration Act; it became known when Charnay, testifying in executive session before the Kefauver Committee, identified Rothwell as a silent partner and as the man who had brought an ex-convict into the organization.

Charnay, though professedly a Democrat, has felt no qualms about helping out Republicans. In partic-

ular, he, like a number of Democrats already mentioned, has found a friend in the New Hampshire Republican Senator. They shared, so to speak, the same constituencies, for besides the \$75,000 China account Charnay was handling John L. Lewis's UMW Welfare Fund.

ARTHUR ROTHWELL appeared to have a penchant for seeking out those who were close to the New Hampshire Senator. Another was Louis Wyman, onetime secretary to Bridges and presently attorney general of New Hampshire. Only a few months after Wyman left Washington in 1949, his wife, Virginia, became a director of the Franconia Trading Corporation, of which Rothwell was president.

Franconia Trading and another of Rothwell's companies, the aptly named Oriental Fine Arts, suggest something of the character of his activities. Both companies were listed by the Commodity Exchange Authority of the Department of Agriculture among the "Chinese traders" that speculated heavily in soybean futures just prior to the outbreak of the Korean War, a bit of dealing in the lucrative side of disaster that Congress never got around to probing. The Chinese traders, apparently acting on intelligence from the mainland about a late June invasion of South Korea, had bought up vast speculative holdings of July soybean futures and almost succeeded in cornering the market.

When Mrs. Wyman left Franconia's board of directors in 1950, Burbeck Gilchrist, who had worked for Louis Wyman on a Senate campaign-investigations committee under Bridges's sponsorship, took her place. At about this time Wyman himself was retained to represent Rothwell and Kung interests in New Hampshire. In 1951, Gilchrist went to Panama to serve as secretary and director of three companies managed by Rothwell—Compañía Pacifico, Compañía Canal, and Compañía Polar, S.A.—which, according to a reliable banking source in Panama, do no business there but represent large holdings of "Asiatic capital."

The setting up of the China Lobby's elaborate enclave in New Hampshire was handled in a typically cir-

"Oh, Pretty Good — How Are Things With You?"



Herblock in the Washington Post

cuitous and circumspect way. Some time during the fall of 1950, at a breakfast party given by Charnay and attended by, among others, Louis Kung and Senator Bridges, young Kung announced that he was looking for a safe asylum to which the family could retreat when the third world war should break out. He said he had been told by a military expert in whom he had great confidence that this would occur in 1954. Bridges reportedly suggested New Hampshire as ideal for such a purpose.

It was not long after this that Harry Hopewell, of Wolfeboro on Lake Winnepesaukee, which proudly claims to be the oldest resort community in the United States, excitedly told neighbors that the Chinese were planning to buy his old family

estate, Spruce Acres, on Wolfeboro Neck. A short time later, Hopewell grew strangely uncommunicative. He announced that the deal with the Chinese was off. Then in February, 1951, he reported that the estate had been sold to a New York businessman by the name of Arthur B. Rothwell.

For the old-time Yankee residents of Wolfeboro the new ownership of Spruce Acres became a subject of much gossip. There was a report that Senator Bridges and his wife had spent a week at Spruce Acres during the summer of 1951. According to rumor, which was later confirmed, Madame Chiang Kai-shek came up for a visit during one of her trips to this country. A gentleman who owns a summer home adjoining the road leading into Spruce Acres re-

lates that one afternoon he was working in old clothes in his garden when a long black limousine passed with three formally dressed Chinese sitting in the back. They turned and bowed stiffly to him, "like Chinese warlords greeting a small landowner," he recalls.

The greatest mystery of all shrouded the movements of Arthur B. Rothwell. Those who worked at re-decorating the estate were kept from contact with him. An elderly woman who owned land next to Spruce Acres was highly desirous of selling some of it to the new owner. She was told at various times that Rothwell was in Europe, Panama, and Alaska. She has yet to meet him.

IN FACT, Bridges and Bridges's protégés seemed to be the only ones who had the faintest idea of what was happening at Spruce Acres. Louis Wyman's brother Eliot, who became counsel to Bridges's Appropriations Committee in 1953, served as agent in charge of the extensive modernization of the estate, with his wife, Polly, handling all relations with local contractors. On October 13, 1951, the office of the recorder of deeds in Wolfeboro accepted a deed of sale transferring a portion of the lakefront property from Rothwell to Louis Wyman. On September 26, 1952, a second chunk of Rothwell's land was deeded to Wyman who, three days later, deeded a portion of this chunk to Mrs. Styles Bridges. Today, both the Wymans and the Bridgeses have built attractive summer cottages on the lakefront adjoining Spruce Acres. According to a reliable source, they quite frequently enjoy the hospitality of the big house, which is staffed with servants from New York and often filled to overflowing on summer weekends with friends of Louis Kung.

The mystery surrounding Spruce Acres has grown all out of proportion to the facts of the story, but neither Rothwell nor his friends have helped much to stop speculation. When two representatives of *The Reporter* paid a visit to Spruce Acres last Labor Day weekend in search of the elusive owner, they were met on the entrance drive by Attorney General Wyman, clad in a bathing suit, were told brusquely that Rothwell

was not there, and were turned away. Next day, Wyman reported that he had telephoned Rothwell and that a request to take pictures had been refused.

When Rothwell himself was finally tracked down by a *Reporter* representative in Panama, he angrily responded to all queries about Spruce Acres and about his past relationship with Charnay, Wyman, Bridges, and the Kungs with "No comment," and soon broke off the interview by walking away. Later, in his lawyer's office in Panama, he told a representative of *The Reporter* "You can't investigate me or my business."

Burbeck B. Gilchrist, erstwhile officer and director of the Panamanian corporations, is one member of the team who has apparently not fared too well. He was finally located last winter at a service station he now runs just outside Boston. He was adamant about not answering questions. "My mother always told me to keep my own counsel," he said.

The main question was, why all the mystery, anyway? Attorney General Wyman, in a later interview, tried to be helpful. Wyman said that he didn't know much about Rothwell except that Rothwell was a trusted friend of Louis Kung, whom Wyman said that he himself had met in Bridges's office. As a lawyer, Wyman represented both Kung and Rothwell interests in New Hampshire; but whether these interests include anything other than Spruce Acres he declined to say. Wyman knew very little about the Franconia Trading Corporation; he said that Rothwell had suggested that his wife become a director.

Mrs. Wyman had, in fact, never even attended a directors' meeting, though she had received a thousand-dollar "director's fee" in late 1950. Neither he nor his wife, according to Wyman, had ever heard of Franconia's soybean speculation that year. Wyman admitted that in retrospect it had been a mistake to allow his wife to take such a position without knowing more about it. He insisted, however, that he would never be party to anything of a dubious nature.

He attributed the aura of secrecy that pervaded Spruce Acres, as well as all of the Kung-Rothwell activi-

ties, to fear on the Kungs' part of the Communists who had driven them out of their native land and who threatened to requisition Nationalist Chinese holdings abroad should Red China ever be recognized by this country. He was horrified at the suggestion that this secrecy might be a cloak to conceal trading activities with the Communist mainland. When asked if he had been aware, for example, that Kung money had been heavily invested in the Yangtze Trading Corporation (Yangtze's export license privileges were suspended by the Department of Commerce in June, 1951, because of irregularities connected with the firm's shipments of strategic tin to the Chinese Communists), Wyman replied that he had questioned Louis Kung about this when *The Reporter's* China Lobby articles came out and had been informed that Louis was terribly angry with his brother, David Kung, for having gotten involved in that enterprise. Wyman felt certain that Louis Kung would have nothing to do with such trade. "As for David Kung," he remarked, "he is a big black mystery to me."

EVERYWHERE from the shores of Lake Winnepesaukee to Rothwell's handsome residence in Ancon in the Canal Zone, attempts to discover something about this strange New Hampshire division of the China Lobby had been met with evasion and silence. But probably the most baffling experience of all was the interview with the New Hampshire Senator himself. It was baffling, first of all, because it was so difficult to get to talk to Bridges, and then because the Senator declared that he could throw absolutely no light upon the great mystery of Rothwell and Wolfeboro Neck.

For nearly two months this reporter's requests for an interview were put off by Bridges's office for one reason or another, but never finally rejected. Finally, pressed for a definite answer one way or the other, Bridges consented to the interview.

One afternoon in late May, this reporter was escorted into the Senator's office. The next hour and a half resembled a kind of diplomatic negotiation more than an interview.

Throughout, Bridges's administrative assistant and his executive secretary flanked the Senator. In relays his stenographers entered the room to keep a verbatim transcript of the conversations.

The discussion roamed over the wide field of Bridges's associations, finally coming to the Britisher of the mysterious business interests, Arthur B. Rothwell. There was no surprise on the Senator's face when the name was mentioned. "I have never met him in my life, don't know him, never had any association with him," said the Senator. The reporter in turn registered surprise. Had the Senator never met Rothwell when he was a partner of David Charnay? The Senator said that he hadn't. Did he not know anything of Rothwell's other business enterprises, including the one involving Mrs. Wyman? Nothing, the Senator said. Had he never been entertained in Rothwell's home, Spruce Acres? "I have never stayed there but have been there for a meal, a visit, or a swim from the shore. I did it when Major Kung, whom I have met on various occasions, was occupying the place. I understand he was a friend of Rothwell's."

Finally the reporter asked, did the Senator not own a piece of land that had been part of Rothwell's Spruce Acres? The Senator answered quickly that the land on which his summer place was built had been bought from George Carpenter. Rapidly he drew a piece of paper out of his desk drawer and started to sketch a triangle of land. This, he said, was what he had bought from Wyman in order to gain access to the main road. Since then an access road had been cut through the Carpenter property. He didn't need the Wyman land any more.

The interview was drawing to a close. Bridges said he could not recall the breakfast party with Kung and Charnay in the course of which he had volunteered to help Kung locate a New Hampshire retreat. The reporter had failed to stir the Senator's memory. To Bridges, the name of Rothwell, like those of Hyman Harvey Klein, John Porter Monroe, Armand Hammer, and Henry Grunewald, was but a hazy feature of some distant landscape.

IX. The Voting Constituents

In the next months Bridges will be going back home to seek the support of his voting constituents. This can be a trying experience for any holder of elective office, especially one whose misadventures have been popping with such regularity. Yet Bridges's closest aides and supporters confidently predict that he is a shoo-in for a fourth term.

Those who would put forward a worthy successor are confronted with a series of hurdles, no one of which seems insurmountable but which collectively present a frustrating prospect. Within the Republican Party, Bridges has cultivated the professional politicians over the years, and now there are few uncommitted to him by friendship or favor. Strong buttresses to this structure are the countless numbers of present and former Bridges aides who crowd the party lists for lesser offices and lend helping hands to the Senator. Under his patronage as Chairman of the Appropriations Committee alone are nineteen staff assistants with salaries over \$10,000. Former assistants such as Louis Wyman, Wesley Powell, Burt Teague, and R. W. Scott McLeod have gone on to greater prominence in state and national affairs. Senator Bridges has not faced serious competition from within his own party since he first ran for the Senate in 1936. The death last year of Senator Charles Tobey has served as a lightning rod to deflect opposition to the race for the other New Hampshire Senate seat. To date, no Republican has announced against Bridges.

The Democratic Party of New Hampshire, loosely knit and frequently faction-ridden, also provides no great hope for effective opposition. Suffering a malaise common in a predominantly one-party state, it has traditionally been dominated by politicians who have used it for bargaining rather than competitive purposes. In effect, the Democrats have merely served as another constituency for the Senator.

To Republican inertia and Democratic default must be added a third obstacle making the job of effective opposition most difficult. William

Loeb's Manchester newspaper is the only one with statewide distribution and has a circulation surpassing that of all other New Hampshire dailies combined. A potential candidate must contend with a steady, merciless editorial assault from it for daring to challenge Senator Bridges. Though a good many New Hampshire citizens believe Loeb weakens his impact by his shrillness, it cannot be denied that many readers take him seriously.

There are compensating factors. New Hampshire's comparatively small size and population permits an energetic candidate to carry his message personally throughout the state. He will not be hampered by popular apathy, for the healthy democratic traditions of the town meeting and the political rally continue strong in New England. Voter turnout at the polls is relatively high. In 1950, Senator Tobey managed to turn the tide in mid-campaign after his defeat by Wes Powell and the Bridges forces had been all but conceded. And there is still a bare chance that yet another man, a "Little Boy Blue," as old Senator Moses would have called him, will stand up and claim their support.

Such an opponent might well review how greatly things have changed since Bridges ousted Moses, and how Bridges himself is far more bounden to far-flung constituents than ever Moses was in his heyday. He might speak of a Baltimore liquor dealer, a labor czar, a New Jersey distiller . . . Perhaps he could paraphrase Bridges's own promise eighteen years ago: "When I go to Washington I shall go with clean hands . . . No one will be able to tap me on the shoulder . . ."

BBETTER yet, he could take no more suitable text than Bridges's own statement to the Daughters of the American Revolution when they convened in Washington last April: ". . . At the bottom, the titanic struggle of our age is moral. Our forefathers seldom failed to recognize and face moral issues. We can do no less. And, if we arm ourselves with the strongest weapon of all, the weapon of moral anger, we shall prevail for ourselves, and, beyond that, we shall capture the allegiance of all other free peoples."

Let's Re-re-re-reorganize The Foreign Service!

WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

IT APPEARS that the Foreign Service, our government's professional diplomatic arm abroad, is to be reorganized. This is hardly a new idea, but Secretary of State Dulles, in announcing the decision on June 15, breathed assurance that this time it would take.

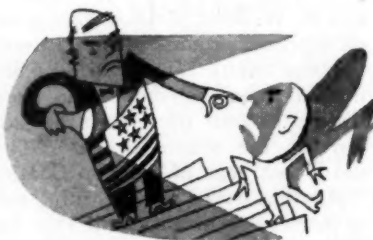
Back in March, after having been laid out for a year on the operating table of surgeons-general McCarthy and Scott McLeod, who went at their work with cleavers, blunt instruments, and the water cure, the Service was recognized officially as the Sick Man of American Government, and Mr. Dulles called in a panel of eight distinguished specialists to discuss how to revive the patient. Two college presidents, two industrialists, a banker, two diplomats (one retired), and John Hay Whitney were on the committee, and it was headed by President Henry M. Wriston of Brown University, an elder educator with a reputation for holding strong views. By mid-June, its recommendations were in: The patient was to be given blood transfusions, treated for some ingrown bad habits, and told to marry quickly into the stay-at-home State Department family—or burn.

THE EXERCISE of reorganizing the Foreign Service is a traditional one, almost as old as the Service itself. Our career diplomatic establishment was first organized in 1905, only to be amended in 1909, totally overhauled in 1924, revamped again in 1939, further altered not once but several times during the Second World War, remade by the Foreign Service Act of 1946, challenged by the Hoover Commission with a prescription for more drastic remedies in 1949, attended by another Ad-

visory Committee that recommended hot poultices and palliatives in 1950, and presented with a fresh reforming directive in 1951, which, the present committee charges, the groggy victim just ignored. Throughout half a century, in fact, the Service has been in and out of clinics, but the many medications prescribed have not made it hale and happy, nor the American people wholly happy with it.

The Late Arrival

The common aim underlying all these reforming efforts has been to equip the Service to cope with the demands of rapidly changing times. Why this recurrent institutional and



psychological lag in America's peacetime first line of defense? The fault is not unique to America. Formal diplomacy, the most conservative of the western political arts, has a tendency to try to wage each peace with the weapons of the preceding one.

The British came to see this after the last peace, in which they had not done so well, and in 1943 got around to overhauling a Diplomatic Service whose make-up of the well-born and wealthy had been virtually unchanged since Castlereagh's day. "The conditions which the Diplomatic Service originally grew up to meet no longer exist unchanged,"

said Mr. Eden's White Paper. "Economics and finance have become inextricably interwoven with politics; an understanding of social problems and labor movements is indispensable. . . . The modern diplomat's training and experience must be wider. . . ."

For America, the catching-up problem was aggravated because we arrived late on the world scene, when it was already changing at high speed, and then with a diplomatic service that was just getting started, still occupied learning European protocol and the proper use of spats. After fifty years in which Americans had looked on diplomacy as either an alien luxury or simply as a playground of spoilsmen and retired millionaires, we thought we were catching up when we created a small gentlemen's career corps on the old British model. Reacting against our past callowness and amateurishness, we were anxious to do things the way the best people did: "It is about time that we were learning Old-World manners in dealing with Old-World people," Ambassador Walter Hines Page told his friend in the White House. But he wrote this in 1914, when time was already short. The best people were soon toppled in many a country, and the genteel, or Henry James, period of American diplomacy was obsolescent before it had fairly begun. The reforms of 1924 and 1939 recognized this and sought to broaden the base of the corps by incorporating into it mundane consular, commercial, and even Foreign Agricultural Service officers, a large proportion of whom were not listed in the Social Register.

The Professionals

"Broadening the base" was also the refrain of the reformers of the 1940's, although the Foreign Service did not wish to have its base broadened and Secretary Hull was glad to have our new-found foreign propaganda, economic, and intelligence responsibilities fall on outside agencies labeled OWI, OIAA, OSS, BEW, FEA, and Lend-Lease. The philosophy of the Service—given increasingly vocal form when it could point to such stellar members as Joseph C. Grew, James Dunn, Norman Armour, and to a second generation that was producing men of the cal-

iber of George F. Kennan and Charles E. Bohlen—was that the conduct of formal political relations remained our paramount peacetime task abroad. It was held that such functions as economic aid, propaganda, and dealings with cultural and labor groups remained ancillary and probably temporary, produced by the dislocations of the hour; that the paramount work should be left to professionals working under conditions of privacy and possessing special aptitude at moving in a foreign habitat; and that, since much of an officer's life would inevitably have to be spent performing dull chores in remote, unhealthy, or stultifying posts—Accra or Amman or La Paz, say—he should be rewarded by being recognized as belonging to a *corps d'élite* carrying special prestige. "We sit out three years at Guatemala City," an F.S.O. remarked, "cursing the place. Suddenly it blows up. You see? Then you want an all-around professional on the spot, don't you?"

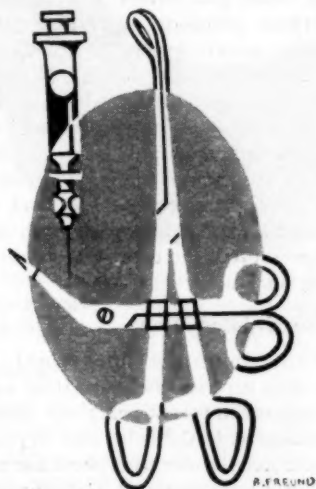
THE Hoover Commission was the most formidable authority to answer that the trouble was that the professionals weren't all-round men, at that. They lived all their lives outside the United States and seemed to like it—hardly a well-rounded career for an American. Being professional was fine, but weren't they overdoing it when they regarded the Foreign Service as something distinct from and superior to the parent State Department, with its own restricted club atmosphere? Hadn't the Service itself admitted, when providing Congress a report supporting the 1946 reorganization bill, "Any service which overdevelops self-sufficiency and evaluates its performance by criteria peculiar to itself belies its name"? In spite of that Act's intention to "eliminate conditions favorable to the growth of caste spirit," the Service was still standoffish toward new blood: Though greatly in need of postwar growth, it accepted only 360 of the 6,180 war veterans who had taken special examinations. A somewhat precious air could still be detected in its midst, often expressed in a preference for social circles containing persons listed in the *Almanach de Gotha* and a disdain for the earthy.

Observing the corps' self-isolation,

the Hoover group proposed that it get together with the State Department and establish a unified service in which officials in key positions and specialties at home and abroad would be interchanged, thereby enlivening, modernizing, and deritualizing our foreign setup. This is also the conclusion arrived at five years later by the Wriston group, which now demands that the marriage take place in a hurry.

The Wriston Findings

Its study, undertaken to find out what's wrong with Service morale and performance today, describes its faults just as if it had been written five years ago. There is the Service's "critical shortage of skills"; its "con-



dition of exile abroad"; its "resistance to any 'watering down' and altering of traditional professional characteristics by a sudden influx of personnel whose experience and outlook do not fit the generalist mold." While our world responsibilities have been expanding, the Service "has been standing still": It has not taken in even one new member at the bottom in almost two years.

DEPLORING all this, the Wriston group—as if writing back in 1949—calls for an immediate blending and building-up process, ignoring the point that since those days there has been a good deal of building down. What has brought the Service to its present pass? Primarily "the absence of strong administrative leadership," says the report. Only that? Anything else? Besides what it

has done to itself through its conservatism, what about the things that have been done to it by people who have descended upon it as if it were a nest of radicals? The report does not go into this; it reads as if there had never been a Bohlen case, a Davies case, a Kaghan case, a Thayer case. The security search, and all that came with it? This, says the report, has been "drastic and thorough." Period.

If the group thought these matters not worth touching on, at least one of its members had recently disagreed. Committeeman Norman Armour was one of five prominent envoys who signed an open letter last January denouncing the inquisitors of the Service as recklessly impugning the loyalty of its men, undermining its integrity and initiative, making honest reporting dangerous, and "laying the foundations of a Foreign Service competent to serve a totalitarian government rather than the Government of the United States . . ." The other committeemen evidently talked with Mr. Armour; but the only evidence that they heard his point is an oddly drafted sentence away down in the report to the effect that "The new security regulations have had of necessity the subsidiary effect of subjecting the unimpeachable, along with the random derelict, to a prolonged ordeal." Foreign Service officers have been called many names, from "cookie pusher" on down, but "random derelict" is a new one.

Bright-Green Shorts

A sampling of F.S.O.s directly after publication of the report reveals that they are less than happy about it. They chafe at the brusque way it blames their Service for administrative conditions only partly of its own making, and ask whether what they call the proposed "shotgun wedding," ordered to be consummated within two years, won't work undue hardship both on State Department home-service veterans who object to being forced to transfer abroad and on F.S.O.s who object to becoming desk men at Foggy Bottom. If they don't like it, says the report as accepted by Mr. Dulles, they can resign.

But the Foreign Service, apprehensive though it may be, is in no condi-

tion today to ignore the advice of a doctor. If President Wriston told it to go out on the street and turn somersaults in bright-green shorts, in its present humbled state it would probably feel it had better obey. His group did not get to the bottom of

what has half-destroyed the Service, but at least it restated some essentials; and the evil done to that Service over the past year or two has so softened it up that at last it may swallow a medicine that will do it some good. « »

Rugged Individualism and the Welfare State in Australia

NATHANIEL PEFFER

THE HEATED POLEMICS in the United States on the welfare state and what it does to a people need not be as theoretical as they usually are. There are sources from which evidence can be drawn. Australia is one, as I can testify after spending the better part of a year there. Incidentally, it may be pointed out that in the light of what is happening in Southeast Asia just now, the inner health of Australia is of considerable importance.

For nearly thirty years Australia, like its neighbor New Zealand, our other Ally in the ANZUS pact, has had in operation a good deal of what we in our part of the world have been arguing about until very recent years and in a measure still are arguing about. In essence it is a welfare state. Social security is taken to be in the nature of things; the principle has been laid down and is inviolable that no human being shall be allowed to fall below a certain material level.

This means the assurance, by state intervention, of a wage that will satisfy "the normal needs of the average employee regarded as a human being living in a civilized community," the criterion set by an Australian Federal court order forty years ago and applied ever since. Furthermore, a human being, for purposes of income, is deemed to be a man with a wife and three children. To this "basic wage," filed by Federal or state courts and changed upon request in accordance with an index of prices, all other economic considerations are subordinated, whether in the national economy or

individual enterprises. Supplemented by other guarantees and benefits—various pensions, maternity allowances, weekly grants for each child, free medical care, and the like—it is the first charge on production. Federal and state courts fix not only wages but hours and working conditions as well, and they adjudicate all disputes between workers and employers in hearings with both sides represented, the court's decisions being final.

Unregulated Men

While much of the world has caught up with the Australian social program in recent years, the country pioneered in the field, and its people have lived under the system for more than a generation. A reckoning can now be taken. What has been the effect on the Australian people?

The Australians have lost neither their liberties nor their sense of liberty. On the contrary, there are no more fiercely individualistic or independent people in the world. There is an infinity of regulation for external things, but as men the Australians are not regulated. Clearly it does not follow that a people who are protected by the state and are guaranteed security have their moral fiber softened and easily yield obedience. It is not only in war that Australians are tough and undisciplinable.

It might be argued, too, that even a little extra tractability might not be too big a price to pay for the benefits conferred on the Australians by their welfare system. For a people in a harsh and poorly endowed land,

much of it desert and much of the rest cruelly buffeted by nature, with droughts, floods, and animal plagues, they have enjoyed a relatively high standard of living. At least they have had security, and already had it when in Europe and the United States the poorer people were cast to the fates in times of economic distresses. There may be a certain leveling down of income, but none except the congenitally unfit sinks to the depths. There may be the degraded, but they have not been degraded by chronic poverty for which they are not responsible. And this has made for self-respect rather than supineness. The Australian poor look the well-heeled in the eye and assert themselves without apology or diffidence. There is not a trace of proletarian humility and resignation or of the malignant proletarian hatred characteristic of so much of industrial Europe. There is combativeness on wages and working conditions, but not morbid, hereditary hate.

Circle of Inhibition

This is on the credit side of the ledger and it is the larger; but there are items on the other side and they have to be calculated in the balance. First there is the matter of cost. Social welfare is a luxury of a rich state, and Australia is not such a state. It has in fact rather meager resources. One-third of the continent is completely barren and another third gives a scant yield, low and irregular rainfall being the main obstacle. The population numbers fewer than nine million and under the geographical limitations cannot be increased by very much. The country's economy rests on wool. One-quarter of the national income is derived from exports, and wool accounts for half the exports. It is therefore a precarious base, since the wool yield depends on regular rainfall and its price on world economic conditions. As a result, there is very little national surplus with which to work. The social-security program was more feasible a few decades ago. Then Australia was fairly well insulated from the world economically as well as geographically, except as a provider of primary products within the well-organized economic system of the British Empire. Matters are

different nowadays. If only because two wars have proved how easily Australia can be cut off from indispensable commodities that have always been imported, it must go in for greater industrialism. But this requires a heavy outlay of capital to cover first costs—irrigation systems, dams, power plants, more communication and transportation facilities, public utilities, and factories.

Private enterprises have too little surplus capital to tie up for the long period before returns come in. Corporations of really large dimensions are few in number. Government cannot tax more heavily, and borrowing large enough amounts abroad, even if possible, would itself lay too heavy a burden on revenue. Nor can government economize to any appreciable extent because of the high cost of the social services, and the social services can in no circumstances be cut. To attempt it would be political suicide for any Administration. The most conservative, even reactionary, groups would not dare to do so; in fact, they probably would not want to.

Indeed, there is general recognition that the social services should be extended. There is a basic wage, but it is still too low to afford the standard of living deemed desirable in our time. Housing is insufficient and inadequate. Transportation facilities are poor. Even necessities are wanting. In Brisbane, with a population of half a million, one-third of the city is without sewers for lack of money to lay them. Sanitary facilities for that third, in a subtropical climate, are as they were in the American backwoods fifty years ago. With the first charge on a limited productive system the cost of an expensive social-welfare program, it is extremely difficult to achieve the capital formation required for the development now indispensable to the country.

There is another charge that cannot be subordinated. That is defense, steadily mounting because modern weapons are exorbitantly costly and world politics is menacing, especially in Australia's environs. In the two World Wars the country spent as large a share of the national income as its richer allies, but it has never had to bear a proportionate burden in peacetime, be-

cause it could count on Great Britain as a bastion. It cannot count on that any longer, and must bear more of a burden itself. It is doing so, and will continue to do so. The Australians are a vigilant and a militant people. They are now spending a quarter of their national budget for defense, and they are ready to spend as much more as required, which again raises the question whether the social-security costs can continue to be met. Thus additional complications are injected into the country's national economic and social problems.

There is a dilemma here, or at least a circle of inhibition. Social welfare is an undeniable good, but



it exacts a high price, a price that lays a heavy handicap on a country not rich to begin with.

Taking It Easy

There is something else that has to be taken into consideration, and it is perhaps more serious. No matter how ardently one may believe in the welfare state and admire Australia for pioneering in it, some of its effects do give one pause. A generation of state protection does show itself unmistakably. The first symptom is a pervasive reluctance to work hard. The second is a fairly general inefficiency. The third is too great an inclination to leave everything important and difficult to the state. I repeat: The Australian's individualism, sense of freedom, and resistance to encroachment on essential liberties are unimpaired, but he does rely on the state to get things started and get them done.

Generalizations are always fragile, but I should say that nowhere in the modern world do men work less hard, though this is not so true on the sheep and cattle stations as in urban areas. It is interesting to watch the construction of a simple

building. It is like watching the hour hand of a big clock. It does move, as you can tell by looking again after a few hours, but you never see any motion. In the same way the building does get higher, as you can tell if you go away and come back in a few months, but you can see little progress in a week. Bricklayers, carpenters, and painters go about their endeavors with a kind of stately measured tread. They stop to smoke, to drink tea, to discuss the topics of the day, or to contemplate the universe. It is amusing to watch, but not productive of results—and it adds to costs.

For one thing, there is an equable climate in the most populated parts, warm and tempting to leisure. There is a passion for sports that runs through all classes. There is an equally strong passion for gardening, and as there are almost no apartment dwellers almost everyone can indulge it—and even the tiny backyard patches of the poor are charming.

Then there is the satisfaction of giving the boss as little as possible, the boss being by definition the enemy. Australian labor is still fighting the guerrilla warfare of the late 1890's, when it had to battle with ferocity and no quarter against the organized efforts of highly concentrated interests to smash unions and keep workers on a bare subsistence level. The unions triumphed after prolonged and violent strikes, resorted to political action, and, with the support of middle-class liberals, instituted the welfare program. The war has been won, but labor is still fighting the battles. It cannot bring itself to believe that employers have accepted the results of the war, as they really have. It is a matter of both reasoned principle and instinct to "go slow." The forty-hour week, prescribed by law, is therefore in reality nearer a thirty-hour week.

'Closed' Means Closed

Nor can productive demands seriously interfere with convenience. Offices and stores close at four or five, varying with the states. From Saturday noon to Monday morning cities and towns are sepulchral. Weekend sports come first and are not to be denied. If you yourself work and have to buy something, you have to

get time off or buy in a wild Saturday morning rush or go without what you need. At the university where I was a visiting professor, one of the administrative staff asked me one afternoon whether I had seen a certain colleague. I had not. Oh, she explained, he probably needed a haircut. Whenever he was not around in the afternoon it meant he had to take the afternoon off to get to the barbershop before it closed.

The law is even more Draconian in eating places. Restaurants close at seven, except in fashionable hotels, where the hour is eight—and except for the few fashionable ones Australian hotels are a trial of both spirit and flesh. One gets to the dining room before seven or seeks out some slatternly, uninviting lunch counter or goes hungry till breakfast. (Then, of course, one repairs the damage with porridge, fish, steak or chops, fried potatoes, innumerable slices of toast, spoonfuls of marmalade, countless cups of tea; the Australian is a noble trencherman.) There is the instance of the Prime Minister who once flew to a provincial town for a meeting. His plane was late and he arrived at his hotel shortly before seven. He washed quickly, went into the dining room, and ordered. It was a minute or two before seven when the waitress arrived with his food. She put before him all he had ordered—soup, fish, joint, "veg.," dessert, and coffee. He surveyed the semicircle before him and ate his courses seriatim. Time and waitresses wait for no Prime Ministers.

WHAT IS TRUE of lack of industriousness is true of lack of efficiency. Things are done as they are because that is the way they have been done—with exception for steel and sugar mills. Little has been learned about methods of organization and short cuts in production as practiced in Europe or the United States. There is a general inertia and clinging to routine, and in general productivity is low, far lower than resources and circumstances dictate. Also costs are high. They are high not only because of high wages and short hours, though these do figure materially, but because plant, labor, and materials are inefficiently used. And this is serious in a country that

must have greater production if standards of living are to rise in equal measure with demand and where industries must be built up not only for the nation's own consumption but for competition in the world market in order to buy what it must import.

For foreigners coming from America, American businessmen especially, there is a simple explanation: labor's arrogance behind the protective barrier of powerful unions and state sponsorship. This, if true, is only half the truth, for what can be said of labor can be said of employer and management too. If, for example, it is the stiff-neckedness of labor that prevents staggering of hours so that stores can stay open later in the afternoon and on Saturdays, it is no less the unwillingness of employers to interfere with long weekends. And perhaps it is inertia on both sides as much as anything else. If labor works at a tranquil tempo, so does management. If labor does so, conscious that it is protected by the basic wage and industrial court decisions, so does ownership,

for it, too, has state buffers—tariffs, export bounties, and other subventions.

Both sides are sheltered by the state, both leave initiative too much to the state. There is no doubt historical cause. When the first settlers came to an empty continent and wool and meat had to be brought to the coast for export, only the state could have provided the cost of railways, roads, and harbors. What was once inescapable has now become usual. But there is shelter, and too much shelter is clearly not healthy for any society, unless there are counter-stimuli, social antibodies of some kind.

YET ONE CAN say this: There is much to be claimed for a people who under the most adverse circumstances and in a niggardly environment have struck out into the new socially and made for themselves a way of life that in the net has yielded them high human benefit. They have done so, moreover, without doctrinaire rigidity and constriction of the individual.

The Heroic Nurse Of Dienbienphu

EDMOND TAYLOR

WHEN Jeanne d'Arc rode to lift the siege of Orleans in 1429, one of her companions was a young French noble named Hector de Galard whose valor in that historic battle was curiously commemorated by giving his name to the Jack of Diamonds in a favorite card game of the day. He was the direct ancestor—though by no means the first one known to history—of Geneviève de Galard Terraube, the heroine of Dienbienphu. He was also the ancestor of a present-day Hector de Galard, a French newspaperman and distant cousin of Geneviève, who seems to have been mainly responsible for obtaining her release from Communist captivity. Back of this coincidence is an odd story which not only throws light on the deep

family tradition in which Geneviève's heroism has its roots but offers a clue to some of the paradoxes in the French national character.

Hector de Galard, a slight, blond, pleasant-featured, rather bookish-looking young man, had played with Geneviève when they were children, but since then their paths had diverged, as so many French paths do in this age of ideological conflict. During the war Hector carried on the family tradition in his own fashion as an active member of the Resistance and since then he has become the foreign editor of the neutralist, frequently fellow-traveling weekly *France-Observateur*, published by his fellow Resistance veteran Claude Bourdet. In a political sense this made him the black

sheep of the conservative, ardently Catholic Galard family, steeped in a thousand years of loyal service to the nation.

WHILE Geneviève was nursing the dying and the wounded in the shell-rocked underground hospital of Dienbienphu, Hector was covering the Geneva Conference, writing stinging articles against what he considered Foreign Minister Bidault's obstinacy in delaying negotiations with the Vietminh. Consequently, he was the only non-Communist French correspondent who had any real entree at the Vietminh delegation. He exploited it in the course of an exclusive interview granted him by Ho Chi Minh's Minister of Industry and Commerce, Phan Anh, three days after the fall of Dienbienphu to urge the liberation of his cousin. Several times in the next few days he buttonholed other Vietminh delegates to follow up his plea. Geneviève de Galard Terraube, he pointed out, had a noncombatant status and could not possibly be of any military value to the Vietminh, while her spontaneous release by her captors would make a favorable impression on French public opinion.

Ho's delegates—products, most of them, of the French university system and keen students of the French national mind—did not need to have any diagrams drawn for them. At a quarter to seven on the morning of May 19, Hector de Galard was awakened by the telephone in his Geneva hotel room. It was the Vietminh delegation announcing the decision to liberate the distant relative whom he could scarcely remember from childhood.

FROM Hector's viewpoint it was a big moment. He could have called up his boss, Claude Bourdet, who would not have minded being dragged out of his bed in Paris to be given such potent ammunition for *France-Observateur's* campaign against the "abominable" war in Indo-China. He could have got M. Bidault's *chef de cabinet*, cursing, to the telephone to gloat over him. Any agency man in Geneva would gladly have sacrificed a couple of hours' sleep to congratulate Hector on his world scoop—wasted on his slow-

paced weekly—and pass it on to the world.

But Hector's first thought was for the family—that mystic French community of implausibly distant relations which baffles American understanding, but whose complex reality every French child absorbs with his first weak *café au lait* or watered-



down wine. He considered ringing up Geneviève's mother, the elderly Vicomtesse de Galard Terraube—whom he calls "Aunt" though there has been no direct blood link between the two branches of the family since the seventeenth century—but decided that a long-distance telephone call so early in the morning might be too much of a shock for the old lady. Instead he dashed off a telegram to his own mother in Paris, simply saying GENEVIEVE SOON LIBERATED. His mother, Hector reasoned, would know when to call the Vicomtesse so as to catch her between her waking and her setting out for daily Mass from her modest little apartment on the almost shabby fringes of the unfashionably aristocratic Parc Monceau quarter. As things worked out, Hector's telegram was wasted because his mother's *concièrge* stuck it under the

doormat of her apartment without ringing the bell, and the Vicomtesse learned the good news later in the day from another French newspaperman, but the thoughtful gesture indicated that the family black sheep felt himself on such an occasion still part of the family.

Blood is thicker than printer's ink in France, and tradition—especially family tradition—is the only mental substance on which the hatchetlike French logic occasionally blunts its edge. Political logic and family tradition apparently are allied in the mind of Geneviève de Galard, but they seem to run on a collision course in that of her cousin Hector. Although each reflects an authentic French cultural pattern, his case is probably the more typical. This helps explain the strangely ambivalent French reactions to the tragic epic of Dienbienphu. Only a minority of Frenchmen seem to have felt—as most Americans apparently did—that Dienbienphu was one of those glorious defeats like Dunkirk or Bataan from which an embattled people draws the moral strength that spells ultimate victory.

The de Galards

Even the names of the actors at Dienbienphu evoke pre-Revolutionary France, from General de Castries, Colonel de Lalande, and Colonel Boucher de Crèvecœur—the commander of the rescue column in the nearby Laos jungles—down to obscure second lieutenants on the casualty or prisoner lists: de Séguin Pazzis, d'Asnières de Salins, de Verdelhan des Molies, de Bazin de Bazons, Lunet de la Malène, and many others.

"I never knew so many French aristocrats had escaped the guillotine!" one American visitor in Paris exclaimed, and the French themselves were surprised to discover how much blue blood still flows in their stanchly Republican veins—and flows out of them too.

The most glamorous Dienbienphu name was of course that of Geneviève de Galard herself. It would be hard to find a more ancient one in France and perhaps impossible to find one that better reflected all that was really noble in the old nobility. There are no reliable records of the de Galards dat-

ing farther back than 900 A.D., but the family must have been well established in feudal society because the first known ancestor, Garsie-Sanche de Galard, became hereditary duke of Gascony in that year. There is at least one authentic Crusader in the family—Guillaume II de Galard who followed the Cross in 1218 after having been given as a hostage by King Philip Augustus to the English Crown eighteen years earlier.

A fourteenth-century Pierre de Galard, who was royal governor of Flanders and grand master of the king's crossbowmen, was the first officer to introduce gunpowder into the French Army, and another Pierre de Galard fought valiantly in the battle where the legendary Du Guesclin was killed. Philippe de Galard, one of Cardinal Richelieu's most trusted captains, fell at the siege of La Rochelle, which Richelieu personally directed. It was the Protestant Huguenots that Richelieu was besieging at La Rochelle, and it was appropriate that a de Galard should have died there, for throughout all the religious upheavals of the Middle Ages and the Reformation, the Galards have always been orthodox Catholics. Similarly, throughout all the intrigues and conspiracies of the feudal age the Galards have always been loyal servants of the French crown, though some genealogists maintain that they have a better claim to wear it themselves than any of the modern royal pretenders.

SINCE the Revolution the de Galards have largely avoided the glitter of the modern capital, as in the declining years of the monarchy they avoided the gilded, frivolous court of Versailles. They have lived with quiet dignity in their increasingly shabby ancestral châteaux, breeding soldiers for the service of France. They are the perfect prototype of those aristocratic provincial families, gradually shading into simple country gentry, which supply so many professional officers for the armies of Republican France, and help to keep alive the French military tradition. A great-grandfather of Geneviève de Galard was an admiral in the French Navy. During the First World War at one time

seventeen de Galards were fighting at the front. Geneviève's older sister Marie-Suzanne is married to a cavalry officer. A first cousin, Captain Henri de Galard, is serving with the Foreign Legion in Indo-China today. Geneviève's father, Vicomte Oger de Galard Terraube, who died when she was nine, was an army officer until after the First World War, when he was retired because of defective eyesight. One of her paternal uncles, Colonel Elie de Galard Terraube, is a former Spahi officer; the other, Colonel Guy de Galard Terraube, an ex-aviator.

D'Artagnan and Cyrano

"She chose danger, she dared, all honor to her!" Colonel Guy exclaimed to a local newspaperman



who came to interview him at the Château de la Salle, one of the numerous ancestral de Galard estates, situated near the little Gascon town of Gimont. "I know how Geneviève loves the soil of Gascony, but that is not what she is thinking about now. Instead she is preparing herself to be worthy of the signal honor that has fallen to her—that of taking her place among the true soldiers that have sprung from our generous Gascon earth."

The colonel was speaking for publication to fellow Gascons, steeped like himself in the local tradition immortalized by d'Artagnan and

Cyrano de Bergerac, but those who know him say that the quotation is fairly representative of his normal conversational style. This is the kind of talk Geneviève has listened to from her earliest childhood. Though she was brought up in Paris she has always spent part of her summer vacations either at the original family seat, Terraube—where one of her aunts, the widowed Marquise de Galard Terraube, lives in the squat, somber, weather-worn old château—or at the nearby Château de la Salle with her favorite uncle. As might be expected, Colonel de Galard has a library filled with chronicles of the family's martial prowess, and Geneviève as a child spent many rainy afternoons in the musty, high-ceilinged room, poring over ancient tomes. Yet the de Galard family tradition is not so much one of spectacular heroism as of honor, duty, religious orthodoxy, and conventionality elevated almost to the status of a heroic virtue.

"The de Galards are the most exasperatingly 'right-thinking' family in France," one emancipated aristocrat who knows them explained to me. "They are truly glorious, and incredibly dull. The males are perfect soldiers, the females perfect wives and mothers. For a thousand years the men have always been brave, the women always homely."

GENEVIÈVE is rather an exception to the family tradition of feminine homeliness with her large clear blue eyes, her sturdy but graceful figure, and the natural elegance which enables her to look chic in camouflaged parachutist's overalls. Otherwise she seems—deceptively—a typical, conventional, gloriously dull de Galard woman.

Always she did the right things, the big ones and the little. During the war while she completed her secondary studies in a Catholic girls' school in Toulouse she learned to play the piano, and her talent was admired by the family without reservations, since it was unblemished by any hint of a really artistic temperament. She danced beautifully—and sedately—with her male cousins under the watchful eyes of family chaperones. She is fond of riding and rode superbly.

With these virtues and accom-

plishments she should long since have married some young second lieutenant with a *de* in front of his name and a ramshackle château to inherit some day, and started being a perfect de Galard mother to a new generation of perfect de Galard soldiers.

Geneviève has no prejudice against matrimony. On her way back to Paris, when her plane landed at Beirut and local newspapermen asked her—among other questions—the inevitable “Are you engaged to anyone?”* she added something to her usual simple “No.”

“At twenty-nine, getting married is a matter one can be thinking about.”

IPSA Vixit

It was a characteristically French remark. In this country—especially in a family like Geneviève’s—marriage is a social duty rather than a personal adventure, and it is not necessary to have any particular husband in mind to give the subject serious consideration. If she does not decide to get married, Geneviève indicated, she plans next January to renew her contract as an air nurse, with the rank of lieutenant, in the IPSA—the smallest and most elite of French women’s services, largely staffed with girls from aristocratic families to whom Geneviève is just another IPSA who came through according to expectations in a crisis—and return to Indo-China. That, too, would be a way of doing her duty. From the family’s viewpoint it is an almost scandalously unconventional way, but apparently to Geneviève anything that is dutiful is normal.

“We always thought of Geneviève as a kind of Becassine,” a distant female relative confided to an American friend. (Becassine is a favorite child’s storybook character in France, good and kind, but just a trifle dumb.)

Others who knew her better recognized her as an exceptionally level-headed girl but thought that she was too conventional in her ideas to be considered really intelligent. Yet it took an original mind and a great deal of imagination to realize, as Geneviève did, that by becoming an IPSA and going to Indo-China she could rise above her family back-

ground without breaking away from it, that she could be as gallant as any male de Galard of the past and still remain as completely womanly as the most model de Galard female, that she could combine a life of stirring adventure with one of monastic discipline, service to her country with service to God and humanity. This is the kind of synthesis between the values of the past and the needs of the present which most professional French intellectuals, whether



of the traditionally conservative Right or the traditionally revolutionary Left, woefully fail to achieve, and their failure is perhaps the most serious of all France’s weaknesses.

The Vicomtesse

I got a hint of how much strength of character it must have taken Geneviève to make this decision when I interviewed her mother a few days before Geneviève’s return to Paris. I was shown into the Vicomtesse’s modest living room, crowded with slightly faded and rickety family heirlooms. Against one wall was Geneviève’s upright piano, on top of which stood a large photograph of Geneviève and a smaller one of the Vicomtesse’s little niece Monique. Overshadowing both of them, though partly covered by the piano, was a full-length portrait of Admiral de Galard in uniform.

The Vicomtesse, a small frail old lady with a thin, aristocratic face, was brimming with pride and joyous expectation of her daughter’s return, but there was a curiously defensive note running through all her answers to my questions. In part this was because she has been incessantly hounded by the press since Geneviève became famous. Though her few meager statements to French reporters were highly discreet, the fact

that she made them at all—so I learned later from another source—had earned her a scolding from two of Geneviève’s touchy IPSA comrades. While she did not mention the subject to me, it is common knowledge that Mme. de Galard Terraube herself was violently opposed to Geneviève’s choice of a career, and many of her statements seemed almost a retrospective justification of this break with tradition.

“When my daughter took her examination to enter into the IPSA, she scored the highest marks of any candidate,” the Vicomtesse related with motherly pride, “and the examiners noted her as ‘exceptionally well-balanced.’”

When I asked if love of flying had influenced Geneviève’s decision to join the hazardous, arduous IPSA and go to Indo-China, her mother quickly answered:

“No, she merely felt that offered her the best opportunity to practice her profession usefully. There are so many wounded out there.”

Religion, Madame de Galard indicated, had certainly influenced Geneviève’s decision to take up nursing, in which she had manifested no interest until she was twenty-three. She had been active in Catholic youth organizations since a young girl and was always very devout.

“In her last letter to me before she was caught at Dienbienphu, Geneviève tried to keep me from worrying,” Mme. de Galard related. “She wrote, ‘Even if I should go to Dienbienphu there is no reason for anything to happen to me because God will be watching over me.’ I knew that too, so I never gave up hope.”

Referring to the religious tradition in the de Galard family, Geneviève’s mother cited the example of Mlle. Victorine de Galard, who lived in the early nineteenth century and left behind her a record of sanctity that is still vividly remembered in the family.

“Of course she didn’t do anything that would be considered interesting today,” Mme. de Galard said with a slight twinkle. “She was just saintly.”

“As you know,” continued Mme. de Galard, “the family tradition is mainly military. Geneviève’s father was with an insurance company, but before that he had been in the army

and he associated mostly with officers. In his whole life he never did anything that was not in strict accordance with honor. My daughter merely did her duty. Like all her ancestors she would never behave in a way that was contrary to honor, regardless of the situation in which she found herself."

Honor is the key value in the French aristocratic tradition, and Mme. de Galard's repeated use of the negative in speaking about it reflects its overshadowing importance in the lives of those who live by this code. As long as one has not lost honor it does not matter very much what else one has lost—power, fortune, estates, or battles. This attitude is both the strength and the weakness of the professional French Army. To a considerable degree it is likewise the strength and weakness of the whole French national attitude toward the war in Indo-China today.

One of the paradoxical achievements of the French Revolution was to democratize the aristocratic concept of honor. No nation in Christendom is so preoccupied with honor as are the French, at every social level. The hysterical antimilitarism of the traditional non-Communist Left in France and the nihilism of many French left-wing intellectuals are partly defense mechanisms against the almost excessive readiness of the average Frenchman to sacrifice his life for abstractions like honor. Many a revolutionary Dupont fears that at heart he may still be a traditionalist de Galard, and often he is right.

France's reaction to the fall of Dienbienphu pointedly illustrates these generalizations. In a characteristically ambivalent article the neutralist *Le Monde* asked, "For what did they [de Castries and his men] fight? For what did they die?"

The answer: "For nothing. In the implacable struggle between the different materialist systems of the world there are still some men ready to sacrifice their lives for nothing."

The Communist Campaign

As a contagious example of Frenchmen ready to die for nothing, Geneviève herself has become, to some degree, a symbol of national unity. As a Catholic and as a member of

an aristocratic military family, she was naturally adopted from the first by all the traditionalist elements in France. As a noncombatant nurse, bound by duty to succor the wounded whether friend or foe, she appealed to the humanitarian and pacifist Left. The ancient tradition of honor and courage which they grudgingly admired in General de Castries terrified them much less in Geneviève.

After the news reached France that Geneviève had written two letters to Ho Chi Minh thanking him for the good treatment given the French wounded and expressing hope for an early peace, the French Communists and neutralists made a systematic effort to exploit Geneviève for propaganda purposes. The day of her return to Paris one Communist Deputy, Jean Pronteau, jeeringly said to Premier Joseph Laniel and Defense Minister René Pleven, "You wanted to monopolize Mlle. de Galard's heroism, but she has



given a lesson of wisdom and patriotism with her public thanks to President Ho Chi Minh."

The embarrassed silence of the two Ministers reflected the worry of many Conservative Frenchmen over this insidious Communist campaign. According to one unconfirmed rumor it was a worry shared by certain members of the de Galard family, one of whom is said to have cabled Geneviève after her return to Hanoi: *FIER DE TOI MAIS TAIS-TOI* ("Proud of you but shut up").

Whether or not the cable was authentic, the fears that supposedly inspired it seem to have been groundless. Geneviève has revealed to French newspapermen that she was urged to write the Ho Chi Minh letters by her immediate superior, Major Grouwin, the chief of the medical services at Dienbienphu. Furthermore, they were in the tradition of family chivalry. The de Galards have never forgotten their manners even on a battlefield.

IT IS TRUE that Geneviève came back from Dienbienphu filled with admiration for some of the Vietnam nurses with whom she talked—as they were filled with admiration for her—and with a deepened conviction of the horror of war.

There seems little real danger, however, that Geneviève will say or do anything in future which is likely to give the Communist propagandists new ammunition. For one thing, she has indicated to newspapermen and friends that she is very anxious to accept the official invitation to visit the United States which has been tendered her—apparently she thinks that going to America would be fun and not just a duty—and she knows that this is dependent upon the authorization of the French government.

Also the French newspapermen who accompanied her back to France from Indo-China report that Geneviève, though as modest and simple as ever, is rapidly learning the pitfalls of celebrity and developing some adroitness in parrying awkward questions from the press. When a newspaperman in Beirut asked her if General de Castries, a notoriously stern disciplinarian, was popular with his men, she replied that everyone admired his courage and dynamism. Above all, both her friends and the French newspapermen who accompanied her agree that Geneviève is too good a soldier and too good a patriot to fall into any more Communist propaganda traps. As one rather leftist French newspaperman put it to me, half-proudly, half-regretfully:

"Geneviève is too honest to lie, even for France, but she will shut up if she is told to. You must understand that with her upbringing she can't help being a patriot."

How Congress Strains at Gnats, Then Swallows Military Budgets

EDWARD L. KATZENBACH, Jr.

THE SUB-SUBCOMMITTEES ON Defense Appropriations of the House Committee on Appropriations were reviewing the request of the Eisenhower Administration for \$29.9 billion to be spent on national defense.

"Now, tell me, if you please, in ordinary layman's language," begged Errett P. Scrivner (R., Kansas), "what is a 'truck, utility, 1/2-ton, 4 by 4, M-38A-1'?"

"It is a jeep, sir," replied Brigadier General Fred J. Dau.

"Do we not have enough jeeps yet?" asked Mr. Scrivner with a touch of desperation. "We have been buying jeeps, jeeps, jeeps, and jeeps."

"My question is," drawled Representative George H. Mahon (D., Texas) at another point, "taking into consideration the facts of life as they are, can you assure the American people that we are relatively secure—not positively and absolutely, but relatively secure?"

"I think that is about the right way to express it," replied Secretary of Defense Charles E. Wilson. "We are relatively secure."

THUS the "guesstimates" and "opinion-assurances" of Secretary Wilson and others were made part of the record. And thus the questions ran as to what, in numbers, quality, and price, the military wanted. The record of the hearings—the questions and the answers—tells the tale of how Congress exercises the power of the purse in these days when two-thirds of that purse is spent on military matters. The Congressmen were free to ask about strategy as well as money, but now are in the four enormous volumes of testimony taken this year was money related to strategy. No Congressman asked and no witness explained why a certain amount of money spent on a certain strategy was a better deal than another amount for another strategy.

Criticism of general policy was

undertaken only briefly and strictly along party lines. The Democrats wanted to know about the "New Look." The jovial Secretary of Defense agreed that there had been "a lot of confusion" on this subject. He let it be known that instead of "more bang for a buck," as originally advertised, the new budget actually represented less might for a mite less. There was no violation of the old maxim that you get what you pay for.



The committee members ran their index fingers down the columns, item by item, asking "what?" and "why?" But no broad examination of the scope and depth of Executive thinking was undertaken. No attempt was made to compare the costs of alternative programs. And that is unfortunate, because only in the somber plushness of the committee rooms does Congress get the Executive Branch on the Legislative carpet.

\$8 Million a Page

Discussion this year ran to 3,716 pages, not including the sizable amount of testimony that was given

off the record for security or other reasons. This is about average; the length of the hearings does not vary with the size of the budget. Considering the relatively low budget proposed this year, the record still moves at a good clip—\$8.07 million the printed page.

Initially, the military budget was represented to Congress as a unit recommendation, part of the total national budget. At that stage it had already been checked and fought over within the services and then within the Department of Defense. It had been checked again by the Executive Branch's Bureau of the Budget, and then put together with the blessing of the National Security Council.

Once the budget reached Congress, the Appropriation Committees of House and Senate took charge of it. In the House the Appropriations Committee in turn handed over the military part, roughly sixty-eight per cent of the total, to the nine-man Defense Appropriations Subcommittee.

Together the nine men listened to the top officials, both civilian and military, of the Defense Department as they explained and defended their proposals. Then the nine subdivided the military budget among themselves. Sub-subcommittees were given the job of examining the budget of each of the services. That meant that the sub-subcommittee on the recommended budget of the Air Force, three Representatives and a clerk, assumed the responsibility of studying the budget for an organization whose plant facilities exceed those of the General Motors Corporation, Standard Oil of New Jersey, U.S. Steel, and the American Telephone and Telegraph Company combined. Individual items in service inventories run into the millions.

ALL THE sub-subcommittees tackled the problem the same way. They gathered testimony. When finished, they had all together some nine pounds of it. They heard in all some five hundred witnesses, a quarter of whom were civilian workers in the Department of Defense. Ninety-six generals and admirals testified, plus some 180 colonels and Navy captains. Some of the lower ranks appeared as experts on minute sub-

jects. Charts were presented, slides were shown.

Questions were detailed in the extreme:

MR. SCRIVNER: What is the cost of your reciprocating fuel?

COLONEL FOURTICQ: The reciprocating fuel, sir, is approximately \$7.70 a barrel, and the jet fuel is approximately \$4.40 a barrel, sir.

MR. SIKES: As I recall it, the principal changes [in the armored-vest program] under discussion a year ago were to give more protection to the neck and groin. Have there been changes to accomplish that?

COLONEL DYKMAN: The groin part and the neck part have not been standardized as yet.

Forests and Trees

All sorts of subjects were covered: burial allowances, real-estate management, the removal of a Westinghouse Electric plant in Pennsylvania to Missouri, the development of gas turbines, hardship cases among the Reserves, the promotion of rifle practice, the situation in Indo-China. Some subjects were discussed because of their particular interest to certain Congressmen's districts. The policy, for instance, of scheduling ship construction in distressed labor areas is of interest both to the Congressman whose district is distressed right now and also to him whose district might become so if policy changed.

Other special interests were served. The Democrats were thinking that the Republicans were making a rather better thing of the number of security risks that the Truman Administration had failed to fire than was warranted. Hence the question of Democrat Harry R. Sheppard of California: "Are you prepared at this time to tell me how many out of the total of 150,557 dismissals were removed because of a security-risk basis?" Of the total, 111 turned out to have been somehow tainted at one time or another, but whether the action taken in these cases was the result of a new vigilance or an old routine is not part of the record.

BUT THE FAVORITE subject of all Congressmen, of course, is waste. Every year it is discussed exhaus-

tively, and the results are always the same: indeterminate.

At best, waste is a nebulous subject. One man's waste is another's necessity. Like savings, waste is easy to spot in specific cases and difficult to prove generally. As usual, this year's hearings featured lists of what had been done of late to achieve maximum effectiveness at minimum cost.

At Rocky Mountain Arsenal it appears that three hundred ungraded employees were dismissed and overtime was "practically eliminated." In the Army, bus runs were substituted for individual runs wherever possible. The Marine Corps



saved \$46,000 by using the Navy Department's Fleet Hometown News Center for distributing home-town news. And the Flight Service Command in MATS reduced the number of copies of messages from two to one at a saving of \$5,000 a year. The general impression, fortified incidentally by the fact that a great many admirals and generals seem to turn up as board chairmen of big industrial corporations upon retirement these days, is that the services, like other well-run businesses, keep a skeptical eye on every penny.

SO IT COMES as something of a shock to read elsewhere in the hearings that an Army general had built a dog kennel with a ninety-by-sixty-foot fence-enclosed run at a cost of either \$1,200 or \$1,500 that was later removed at either a cost of \$157.82 or to produce a credit of \$365.59. (The discrepancy depends on whose figures one likes better, those of the General Accounting Office or those

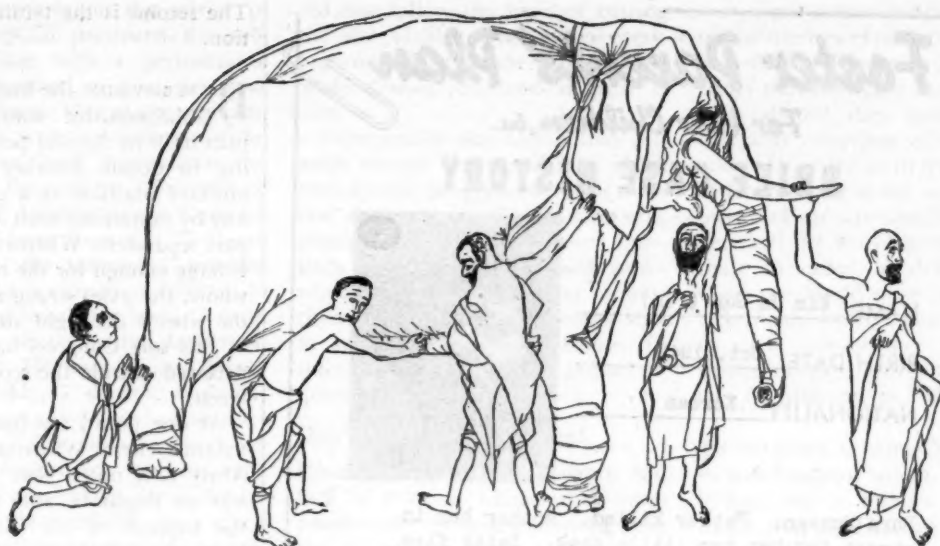
of the Inspector General.) And one's surprise turns to consternation when one reads that "While a small item of waste and extravagance, it is but typical of the myriad of such matters arising in inspections."

Prices and Values

There was little of that brusqueness and sometimes downright rudeness which now and again characterize Congressional cross-examination. This is not to say that all was sweetness and light. Clarence Cannon, bellicose Missourian and ranking Democrat on the Appropriations Committee, saw to it—and he is bipartisan in these matters—that no one should carry away from a reading of these hearings the notion that the Secretary of Defense is encyclopedic. "How long," he demanded, "could you maintain a carrier in the Mediterranean, or the North Sea, under surveillance of Russian airpower?" When the Secretary dodged a direct answer, the Congressman remarked cryptically, "You say in your opening statement that you are the spokesman in military affairs for the Administration."

Yet surely the objective of the hearings was to do something more than simply gather information and grade the Secretary of Defense on his military erudition. Congress should do more than scan the budget for waste and overspending. Its job is to oversee the maintenance and governance of the armed services. In this day of apparently permanent crisis that job should be one of considering what is currently necessary in the light of what may become necessary, of balancing spending at home against spending for allies abroad, of balancing what must be spent on research against what must be spent on hardware on hand, of questioning what is spent on civilian defense, for example, and what is spent on "whack-back," or the ability to retaliate. Eventually it is a question of balancing the values we live for against the sacrifice necessary to maintain them.

Why, then, does Congress persist in being infinitely absorbed in infinite detail, in the item-by-item approach? There seem to be two reasons. The first is the inadequacy of Congressional organization for any broad examination of the budget.



To get the whole truth you have to get the whole picture

THE BLIND MAN who touched the elephant's head said "An elephant is like a water pot." The one who felt his ears said "like a basket." Another fingered the tusks and said "An elephant is like a plow." Feeling the legs, a fourth said "like a post." And the blind man who touched the elephant's belly asserted "An elephant is like a granary."

It's the same way with the news. You touch a part and you think "This is how it is"—*but you may be wrong*. Even when you understand one or more parts of the news perfectly, you may still put the parts together incorrectly, you may still base an inexact over-all picture on them. To get the whole truth, you have to get the whole story.

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The **Reporter**

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For War Children, Inc.

BRIEF CASE HISTORY

NAME Kim Un Suk (fem)

BIRTH DATE Oct. 1949

NATIONALITY Korean



Born Yunsan. Father killed. Mother beg in street for her two little ones. Later flee more south on second withdrawal U.N. troops. High mountain bitter cold wind. Baby strapped on mother's back freeze to death. Desperated mother lay down lamenting in snow. Torrential stream unseeing refugees pushing, pushing. Kim Un Suk swept along. On and on walk. Beg food searching for mother never find. Hands feet frozen. Saved. At once help. Character delightful. On other side she sentimental. Brain too wise. Language clever. Vocal cord good. Sing very well. Composed, sad, hardened, matured by suffering. Behavior and speech make impression of woman. I beg for her you find Foster Parent at once.

-Ha Sang Nak, Plan field worker.

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Foster Parents' Plan

For War Children, Inc.

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Founded 1937

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Contributions are deductible from Income Tax

The second is the tyranny of tradition.

BY SUBDIVIDING the budget for subcommittee study, Congress puts itself in the odd position of trying to decide whether the whole military machine is a good one to buy by examining each disassembled part separately. Whether the engine is large enough for the machine as a whole, the axles strong enough, and the wheels the right size—questions of this sort Congress has implicitly declared outside the scope of its interest.

At one point, for instance, Lieutenant General Williston B. Palmer, Army G-4, noted that in a future war we might be able to count on the support of our allies only so long as they had some of our ammunition to shoot. But the status of such programs as an overseas ammunition stockpile, the maintenance of an ammunition production base through offshore procurement, and the financing of new production facilities were all beyond the jurisdictional boundaries of the subcommittee. Those were matters for the subcommittee looking over the Mutual Security funds. Congress is thus simply not in a position to ask broad questions as to proper program emphasis.

History, however, is the real villain of the piece. About a hundred and fifty years ago Albert Gallatin and his colleagues established the precedent, still respected, of analyzing the military budget item by item. It was their contention that without an itemized budget to consider, Congress would not have any power over the purse. From a military point of view, this presented no great problems in those simpler times. Lead, powder, muskets, whiskey, meat, cloth, horses, and hay—all these were well within the competence of Congressional scrutiny. But there is considerable question as to whether the same method can be effective in the complex present.

Yet Congress and particularly the powerful committee chairmen, who are as set in their ways as they are safe in their seats, seem to consider the itemized budget a sort of sacred cow.

Two years ago the Air Force attempted to broaden the budget hear-

ings. Apparently on the advice of businessmen, it presented the sub-subcommittee with a performance budget, designed to give the committee a clearer idea of the aims and cost of the projected program. John Taber, New York Republican and perennial Republican Chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, would have none of it. "I do not care about the summary," growled Taber, who is sometimes referred to as the third legislative body. "I want the green sheets" (the details on personnel). He went on, still growling, "Frankly, I do not like that kind of cover-up. It kind of irritates me." Mr. Taber likes to check on internal consistency within each segment of the budget. He is not interested in its suitability for a given objective or the relation of one segment to another. He seems to interpret Congress's very broad power of the purse as a narrow fixation on auditing the nickels and dimes.

INCREASED POWER for the Executive Branch has probably been inevitable, but one result is that today Congress is more a board of review than an initiator of legislation. The success of its review depends, among other things, on the availability of information. And in military affairs, Congress is in the odd position of asking those proposing if their proposition is any good. The same Congress that seems to be assuming Executive authority elsewhere, particularly in foreign affairs, has all but abdicated its Constitutional authority over military matters.

Having agreed among themselves, the representatives of the Executive Branch come before Congress to defend the budget as it stands and not to ask for more or less. Moreover, since the President can impound funds voted by Congress that he does not wish to spend, Congress is in no position to force the Executive to buy what it wants bought. It can actually only deny funds.

One can hardly blame the frustrated Congressman who maintained that the attitude of the military toward Congress is "Yours not to wonder why, yours just to vote 'em by." It is big news when, as happened this year, a Chief of Staff of the Army steps out of line. General Matthew B. Ridgway admitted he

did not follow the logic of cutting the size of the Army when everyone conceded that the threat of the Soviet Union remained as great as ever.

Occasionally the Committee gets some outside businessmen to check over specific programs with the General Accounting Office. But no one, absolutely no one, ever, ever questions whether the proposed sum—whether it be \$13.4 billion or four times that much—is the proper sum to spend on national defense. In short, no one ever asks the important questions.

Don't Cut the Bang-Bang!

Given all this wealth of detail and lack of relevant information, what worthwhile recommendations can the Committee make to Congress? The final action on this year's military budget is indicative.

The Committee eventually recommended to the House of Representatives a budget only four per cent less than that originally submitted to it, and half of this reduction was either volunteered by the military establishment itself or was the result of bookkeeping changes. (Congress's postwar record was an eleven per cent cut in fiscal 1953.)

Specifically, certain projected expenditures on travel expenses and certain educational programs were reduced. These cuts, old favorites that they are, suggest that Congressional committees prefer to act in an area that is reasonably familiar to them and well removed from the bang-bang type of military expenditure. The other cuts made this year were of the round-figure variety, suggesting that they were made intuitively, "to attempt to force some improvement by means of a budget cut," as the habitual saying goes.

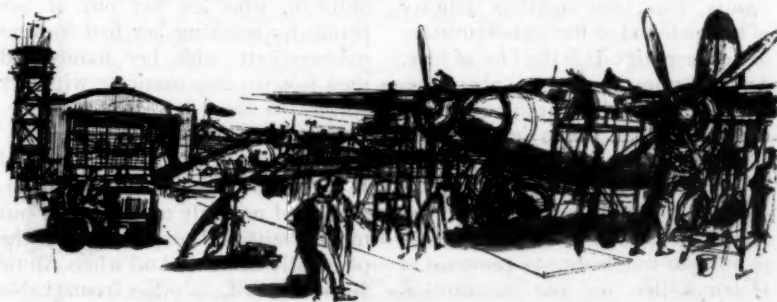
Congressional Appropriations Committees are fundamentally in-

competent to pass judgment on most of the matters explained to them in such detail. Moreover, it is not necessary that they pass such judgment. Why should they understand the why and wherefore of all the nuts and bolts of the military machine in order to direct it any more than the owner of an automobile has to understand the workings of the crankshaft in order to drive? Perhaps Congress should raise its sights and talk about matters that are within its clear competence—the relative values of programs and the price tags on alternatives.

IN MILITARY AFFAIRS Congress snips and Congress snipes, it drags and it lags, but it follows along. This means that the Executive Branch for all practical purposes makes the decisions and bears the responsibility today.

This was emphasized with a degree of irony at the precise moment the House Appropriations Committee was submitting its final recommendations. During the hearings Secretary Wilson had spoken with optimism of the situation in Indo-China. "We think that the French have a good military program," he had said, "and that they have a reasonable chance for success." That was early in February. When the budget hearings were all over, it was April, and the situation in Indo-China had gone from difficult to disastrous. The very day the Committee was making its final recommendations to Congress, the Secretary of Defense was indicating the necessity for a "soul-searching review of our specific policies, plans, objectives and expenditures."

It seemed very likely that the budget would have to be re-reviewed by the Executive Branch. The "New Look" might go down in history as the "Double Take."



VIEWS & REVIEWS

A Fine Documentary On Helen Keller

MARYA MANNES

IT TOOK an old medium, an old woman, and old truths to wash away, at least for an hour, the dirt that has settled on us during the last months. In "The Unconquered," the story of Helen Keller, a blind woman shows us how to see, a deaf woman shows us how to listen, a great woman shows us how to be humble. This short film, done with the utmost restraint and sensibility, is in a way a religious experience in that we are permitted to share that ecstasy of goodness which is perhaps one definition of sainthood.

We may know that Helen Keller has been deaf, blind, and mute since an illness in her nineteenth month of life, that she has devoted her life to the similarly afflicted, that she is a famous American. Many of us have left it at that, turning away from the thought of her with that mingled pain and guilt which the afflicted arouse in us. It hurts us that we can do nothing for them; we are guilty because we are whole. I suppose that a great many people will avoid this picture for those reasons. But they will make a profound mistake.

The Face of Love

For this documentary breathes affirmation; there is in it not one ugly or negative thing. Helen Keller's face itself has an extraordinary beauty, from the sightless delicacy of her girlhood to the transfiguration of her seventies. It is the face of love. And the miraculous thing about this woman is that she transfigures those with whom she comes into contact, whether it is her lifelong companions or afflicted strangers. In repose, the sockets of the blind and the contorted mouths of the dumb can be painful to watch. In the presence of Helen Keller, joy and communica-

tion give them an inner light that extinguishes the pain.

The narration, spoken beautifully, free from mannerisms or emphasis, by Katharine Cornell, takes us through Miss Keller's entire life: a triumphant progress of the human spirit from total isolation to total community. I doubt whether even the most compassionate and imaginative can project themselves into the state she lived in as a girl: a world of wholly soundless darkness



out of which consciousness could not even voice its despair. That she escaped from it was due not only to her courage and intelligence but to a young Boston girl named Annie Sullivan, who led her out of her prison by teaching her first how to communicate with her hands and then how to communicate with her voice.

FOR FIFTY YEARS these two lived hand in hand, finger to finger, dedicated not only to each other but to the spiritual expansion of the physically limited. And when Annie Sullivan died, another remarkable

woman, Polly Thompson, took her place as Helen Keller's other self.

'Everything Touches Her'

To see them together during the hours of their day on their Connecticut hill is a profoundly touching thing. Touching not in the sense of pathos—there is nothing remotely pathetic about Helen Keller—but in the sense of sweetness, warmth, and gaiety. Fingers racing in palm, they read their mail together, have their jokes, plan their days, speak to their friends.

There is almost always a smile on Helen Keller's face—whether (with hand on set) she "listens" to radio, whether she dries the dishes Polly has washed, or types her letters (she uses both Braille and standard), or goes on her daily walk, guided by the thousand feet of wooden handrail her friends have built for her. On this walk she is alive to everything: the sun on her face, the twig in her path, the bud on the bush, the herbs at her feet. She touches everything; everything touches her. No seeing, hearing being could know more of creation or love it more.

Each day begins with her fingers reading the Braille Bible; each day ends with the Book spread open under her moving hands in the room where she sleeps. Her face then has infinite joy.

In between these periods of seclusion, Helen and Polly travel to the ends of the earth on their mission of help. No one alive, perhaps, has met more of the world's endowed and more of the world's afflicted. And wherever she goes—this blind, deaf woman—light floods the darkness, pride and hate dissolve, kindness prevails. Helen Keller can make it seem that humanity is indeed created in the image of God.

Statistical Proof Of the Obvious

LINDSAY ROGERS

IS THERE A REPUBLICAN MAJORITY? POLITICAL TRENDS: 1952-1956, by Louis Harris. Harper's. \$3.50.

THAT "royal intellect" of the Victorian era, Frederic William Maitland, defined "national character" as "a wonder-working spirit at the beck and call of every embarrassed historian, a sort of *deus ex machina*, which is invoked to settle any problem which cannot be readily solved by ordinary methods of rational investigation." To some historians of the recent past and prophets of the future, public-opinion polls are the present-day substitute for "national character."

The method of wonderworking is as follows: Interviewers search out twenty-five hundred or more persons who make up a "sample" of the total population of voting age. If the sample is carefully chosen, it is a replica of the electorate and the replies from the sample can be presumed to be the replies that would come from the whole electorate. Interviewers secure from those in the sample as much information as seems desirable on age, sex, color, racial origins, economic status, religion, education, past voting behavior, and so on.

Answers are sought on voting intentions and on opinions about current political issues, no matter how complicated. Data thus obtained are coded on punch cards, the *deus machinarum* usually being Thomas J. Watson. Then the machines twirl until the number of cross-tabulations seems sufficient.

The pollster wants to discover differences of party preferences and political opinions between voters young and old, opulent and strapped, white and black, Polish and German, Catholic and Protestant, rural and urban. Given the refinements possible, one is faintly surprised not to be told that Republicans with red hair were inclined to vote for Stevenson while

Democrats with only one eye tended to like Ike. But Elmo Roper is never frivolous, and it is on his 1952 election surveys—on the voting preferences and prejudices then disclosed—that this book is based. Its author, Louis Harris, has been Research Executive in the Roper Organization since 1947 and is experienced in attempting to make analyses of public opinion less mysterious to those outside the polling fraternity.

A LARGER proportion of women than men seem to have been Republican, and one of their reasons was concern with the cost of living. Men looked at their take-home pay and found it satisfactory. Women were concerned with how much their household money would buy. There was probably another

factor that the surveys did not cover: Mothers were influenced by children who liked Ike.

Early in the campaign Protestant, but not Catholic, German-Americans appeared to be overwhelmingly in favor of Eisenhower. The Protestants maintained their allegiance and the Catholic German-Americans gradually shifted until there seemed to be little difference in the voting intentions of the groups. The reasons for the shift are not clear. Italian Catholics remained loyal to the Democratic Party, and the Irish appeared to split, with the upper and middle income groups for Eisenhower.

One Swallow . . .

The two academic popes of the public-opinion research world—Paul Lazarsfeld of Columbia and Samuel Stouffer of Harvard—in a foreword to Mr. Harris's book regret that he did not use more "cross-tabulations" and that he relied so heavily on "simple presentations" of the way in which the surveys showed the preferences of large groups of voters—"white collar voters in the South," "Northern Negro voters," and so

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forth. They go on to assert that the "real importance" of polls "lies not in predicting but in explaining these results . . ."

In announcing his intention to make surveys, Mr. Roper said that he did not intend to predict the outcome of the election, but time and time again Mr. Harris implies that he was a good prophet, not simply of an Eisenhower victory, but of how certain groups of voters would cast their ballots. "In 1952 the Jews voted heavily for Stevenson, as the Elmo Roper surveys show"—seventy-four per cent, he claims, as against twenty-six per cent for Eisenhower. "Stevenson carried the Jewish vote by a margin of roughly 1,600,000 to 600,000 voters." Since ballots are not counted by groups of voters, how does Mr. Harris get his percentages? Here is the "simple presentation":

	PREFERENCE OF JEWISH VOTERS	
	Oct.	Nov.
	%	%
Eisenhower	24	26
Stevenson	64	74
In conflict	12	

It will be noted that in October twelve per cent were "in conflict." (The phrase describes people "who were torn between parties" and is presumably more impressive than "don't know.") After the election, Mr. Roper reinterviewed 537 voters who had been "in conflict" ten days or so before (it seems a large number in a sample of twenty-five hundred), and asked the results of their agonized appraisal. On the basis of the replies given, five-sixths out of the twelve per cent "in conflict" went to Stevenson and one-sixth to Eisenhower. Thus Mr. Harris is able to announce the preferences of Jewish voters in November.

Now the Jews number little more than three per cent of the population of the United States, so that in the sample reinterviewed there were supposedly seventeen Jewish voters who had been "in conflict." He says that when his post-election bases were "too small for reliability"—and I take it that this one was—there was "some interpolation of the final October figures." That is, some of those who had said in October that their minds had been made up were added (on the assumption, I suppose, that their minds were not

changed) to those who told how they had resolved their "crises."

Statisticians are able to do remarkable things with small samples, and I leave it to them to discuss what the tabulating machines were made to do. Messrs. Lazarsfeld and Stouffer sound what seems to be a note of warning for the lay reader. They say that the November columns, "useful as a minor check," do not "play any major role in Mr. Harris' analysis." But is it not really a major matter when Mr. Harris tells us that in November the independent voters "went three to one for Eisenhower"? Incidentally, majorities of those voters "in conflict" are often reported to have turned to Stevenson, but apparently there was no attempt to find out their reasons.

MR. HARRIS has not confined himself to the 1952 surveys but delves into the past. "When Al Smith ran [presumably for the Presidency in 1928], the immigrant became a voter, probably for the first time." Again: "The first time in modern political history that the white-collar group became important in the outcome of a Presidential election was in 1940." Statements like these doubtless account for the foreword's papal caveat against Mr. Harris's "interpretations." Some "grow directly out of his tables; others are what the social scientist likes to call inferences. Still others are of a broader impressionistic character of the kind the historian has to use in dealing with periods when only scanty empirical evidence is available."

On Korea, however, Mr. Roper's surveys sought empirical evidence, and Mr. Harris says: "Korea grated and gnawed. Somehow it summed up all the impatience and protest the people felt." And in another place: "The mood of a majority of Americans in 1952 was one of impatience and frustration. In the end Eisenhower became the recipient of a large and significant protest vote. . . . There was [no other issue] on which Eisenhower was to score so heavily."

Which Pollster Do You Follow?

Maitland's embarrassed historians differed in their estimates of "national character." That was to be

expected. But should the estimates of pollsters cancel each other out? While Mr. Roper was seeking, in his phrase, "to dissect the body politic," the Survey Research Center of the University of Michigan, aided by a grant from the Social Science Research Council, was conducting "a major study of factors influencing the popular vote in the 1952 Presidential election." These polls disclosed much Republican support for "current U.S. Korean policy," and the authors of the Center's first report (*American Political Science Review*, June, 1953) say flatly that "No single issue appears to have exerted any special influence in the defection of 1948 Democrats to a 1952 Republican vote."

But no one will be skeptical enough to question the validity of two findings made by the Michigan surveyors: (1) "As a group, Democratic voters were significantly more likely than Republican voters to support Democratic policies on all the issues" about which the sample was interrogated; (2) party regularity is likely to persist until voters are "jolted loose" by some combination of factors "present in the electoral situation."

IN ORDER to justify his title, Mr. Harris must leave survey results and examine the actual voting of November, 1952. He concludes that there was an Eisenhower but not a Republican majority, for the President ran nearly sixteen per cent ahead of his Congressional ticket in the country as a whole, slightly ahead outside the South, and well ahead in the states where such ornaments of the Senate as Bricker of Ohio, Jenner of Indiana, and McCarthy of Wisconsin were candidates.

Mr. Harris thinks that at least five Republican Senate seats—in Pennsylvania, Indiana, Michigan, Arizona, and Nevada—"were saved as a result of coattail voting." Will Mr. Eisenhower's actions and inactions, based on a Buchanan-like conception of the Presidential office, have so frayed the coattails that they will tear easily in next November's Congressional elections? That is a matter on which Mr. Harris has no "survey result" that permits him to engage in speculation.

New Literary Dimensions For the Soviet Horror

THEODORE H. WHITE

THE FALL OF A TITAN, by Igor Gouzenko.
W. W. Norton & Company. \$4.50.

A MUSCULAR, lanky young fellow, Oleg Durov was one of those celebrities no Soviet town can escape. He adorned Rostov as a boil adorns a sick man's face. Oleg, however, did not consider himself a boil. His insolent, defiant pose showed clearly that he felt himself superior. Hook-nosed, he looked like a bird of prey. His unhealthy thin face was the very incarnation of overbearing arrogance. He never removed his cap or his jacket, although it was forbidden to enter the auditorium in outer clothing. He smoked openly, against the rules of the University. Yet nobody reproved him.

"Who on earth was he? A student, but with this difference: his father was head of the NKVD of Rostov Province."

Oleg Durov is only a minor villain in the vast parade of characters who wander through the pages of *The Fall of a Titan*. We meet him shortly after the story has begun—that is to say, at the moment when we begin to forget that the author was the code clerk whose flight from the Soviet Embassy in Ottawa exposed the greatest spy ring in America and begin to realize that we are in the presence of a true creative work.

Once his ear has become attuned to Gouzenko's commonplace, matter-of-fact style, the reader recognizes this as not simply another exposé of life in the Soviet Union, or a re-assembly, according to blueprint, of those standard mechanical parts of Communism already so lastingly described by Koestler and Orwell. All these parts are indeed described once again, this time with the unmistakable flavor of authenticity. But there is more in *The Fall of a Titan* than this. These people with their strange names—Glushak, Veria, Mirzoyan, Larin, Tsibik, Lida, Durov *ils et père*—who all fit like cogs into their appointed place in the scheme

of Communism, are yet alive and understandable. They are not monsters but real people of passion, hope, and despair, all of them corrupted, eroded, or destroyed in a story that delivers the reader, finally, into a world of nightmare in which flesh and face are added to shadows beyond the range of our imagination.

The Fall of a Titan is fundamentally the story of two men trapped in the Soviet system, yet loyal to it. They emerge ugly, evil, and vain—yet pitiful, too, for finally they are the victims of the system to whose power they helplessly or willingly contribute. The titan of the story is a Russian patriarch of letters, Mikhail Gorin (a skillful and merciless fictional rendition of Maxim Gorki), who has been seduced by flattery, incense, and the fatness of luxury to return to Stalin's Russia from exile and lend his great humanitarian name to glorification of the state's inhumanity. The instrument of his humiliation and ultimate destruction is Feodor Novikov, simultaneously a scholar and agent of the police.

NOVIKOV is a son of the revolution. His professional ambitions lie in scholarship, but as he mounts the rungs of ambition he learns what price must be paid at each step up. Each step brings with it a larger measure of the little comforts by which men graduate to luxury in the Soviet Union—Novikov moves from the two thin meat balls of the students' mess to the richer fare of the professors' mess to the private dining room that the Director of the University may enjoy alone. He learns how individuals may rise from the crowded six-to-a-room flat of the ordinary citizen to the private two-room flat of the more favored to the gardened villas and river speedboats of the managerial elite to the palatial grounds and gorgeous opulence

to which only such titans as Gorin and the party great may aspire. But these rewards can be had only from the state, and the state grants them only for special services or special talent. Once won, they can be guaranteed only by total and unreserved commitment to the needs of police and party, whether the demand be to lie, to betray, to falsify art and scholarship, or to murder outright. And one is never safe—for in party and police files all is recorded, and immorality, rewarded today, may be denounced tomorrow to satisfy someone else's ambition or the relentless logic of the state's need.

When the story opens, Novikov is halfway up the ladder in the party life of Rostov. He is a professor who has just written a totally falsified history of ancient Russia to please the party bosses; *Pravda* has praised it, and thus all over Russia all others must praise it. Novikov has suddenly become large in his frightened, whispering provincial community. Now the party has a further task for him, one only a scholar can undertake. The aging Gorin, pampered in his luxuries and isolated in his palace from the miseries of the people he once lived with and knew, must be induced to bend his literary artistry to state service. Specifically, Novikov must urge and, if necessary, compel Gorin to write a new play

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glorifying as "historical necessity" the tyranny of Ivan the Great. How Novikov goes about this task, by a combination of scholarly guile and final brutality, is the tale on which Gouzenko suspends his series of grotesque, macabre vignettes.

Robots of Revolution

Vast, diffuse, unpatterned, the book still possesses undeniable narrative power. Occasionally it is clumsy—as in its love scenes, or in the manner in which it introduces figures such as Stalin, Voroshilov, and Shcherbakov. But episode by episode, fragment by fragment, the author excites the reader's indignation and horror until he must go on to the end to find out how these robotized men will accomplish their work of evil as they struggle one against the other. What Gouzenko has done, essentially, is to leap far beyond the political structure of Russian life, so often described, and show the kind of men it produces—men still recognizable as human, yet so completely rewired by the epigones of the revolution as to have a morality and thought pattern incomprehensible and inconceivable in any civilized society.

"... The Soviet man cannot receive bread without having a bread card with three stamps on it—from his place of work, from his house administration, from his co-operative store; he cannot leave town without obtaining the permission of his boss, witnessed by the militia; he cannot be sick without obtaining the official medical certificate. Like a fly caught

in a gigantic spider's web—no matter how carefully it jerks its legs, its movements are transmitted along a hundred threads to the spider and he at once fixes his greedy eyes on it—so the Soviet man, a pitiful fly in the intricate web of State, cannot make one movement without its being recorded somewhere on paper.

"In this case, no matter how cautious Feodor was, how thoroughly he knew all the dangers, and how carefully he tried to avoid them, he eventually became a victim of this soulless, methodical, and brutal system, from which there is no escape. . . ."

In this spider's web in which Soviet men live, a remorseless logic fits all men into their place and their function as a prison does. Being human, however, their emotions must be given vent somewhere and they are vented in a barbaric syndrome of lust, greed, and orgiastic bursts of sensuous indulgence. The Soviet banquet, so familiar to foreign diplomats and soldiers, increases in coarseness and depraved splendor when its participants are all Russian. When Mirzoyan, secretary of the party committee at the University, gives a party for the provincial party elite, they celebrate thus:

"Every now and then he jumped up, ran into the kitchen, scolded, waved his arms . . . Then he ran out again, wiping the sweat from his round head. Behind him followed a train of immense dishes: pasties as thick as a man's arm, with ten kinds of filling; cabbage, meat, apples, salmon; veal roasts of the most tender cuts; geese practically floating in gravy.

"... Over there the chief of the Gigantic State Seed Farm, a thin but surprisingly gluttonous person, ate hurriedly, hardly chewing the food, as if he had starved for a week; there the chief of the Rostov Coal Trust just drank vodka; and yonder the director of the Red Aksai Plant waved a greasy goose wing in front of his neighbor, the Secretary of the Taganrog City Committee. . . .

"But most of all Mirzoyan was pleased with Durov. Pushing aside the plates, forks, glasses, all sorts of trifles, with his elbows on the delicate tablecloth, Durov was squaring up to a huge dish of a whole suckling pig. He ate raptly, without interrup-

tion, moving his swarthy jaws like grindstones, only rarely looking wolfishly from under his dark eyebrows."

The Fall of a Titan abounds in such scenes of porcine lust and fornication, and in scenes of life in the factories, of outlaws in the wild, of the steppes fragrant and beautiful in the spring sun. But the excitement of the book comes not from the episodes themselves as in the way they are worked together to reveal the mechanics of Russian life.

THESE MECHANICS, as Gouzenko describes them, are the mechanics of total security. For in Russia only the state has the right to security, and it remains secure only so long as every individual human part of the state is insecure. To keep these individuals insecure, therefore, the system must divide them by suspicion, fear, ambition, or special privilege. *The Fall of a Titan* is thus a story of doom: All the individuals who trudge or stalk or sneak through its pages are doomed, the successful and unsuccessful alike.

Gouzenko has made no attempt to describe all of Russia or all its people. He writes of that period before the German invasion when the Russians lay panting and exhausted by collectivization and the purges. The millions of toilers and peasants appear in his story like some distant, somber chorus. How much their miserable lot may have been alleviated by the massive industrial growth of postwar Russia neither Gouzenko—absent from Russia since the war—nor anyone else here knows for sure.

But what Gouzenko writes about is not the industrial statistics or consumer indexes; he writes of permanent human values, the standards of those who strive to be more than anonymous faces in the mass. These people are still caught today, as they were in the period of which the author writes. They are caught if they resist, and are broken; they are caught if their silence conceals reluctant enthusiasm, and are broken with equal ruthlessness. They are caught finally, as Feodor Novikov is, by success itself, for success only increases their obligation to the faceless state; at the end of the road, behind the doors of the dacha or trellis-lined walls of the manor estate, the policeman waits.

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